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John ~~W~~ Galt
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Leith Kemper

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EXAMINATION

O F

Mr P O P E's

ESSAY ON MAN.

Translated from the *French* of

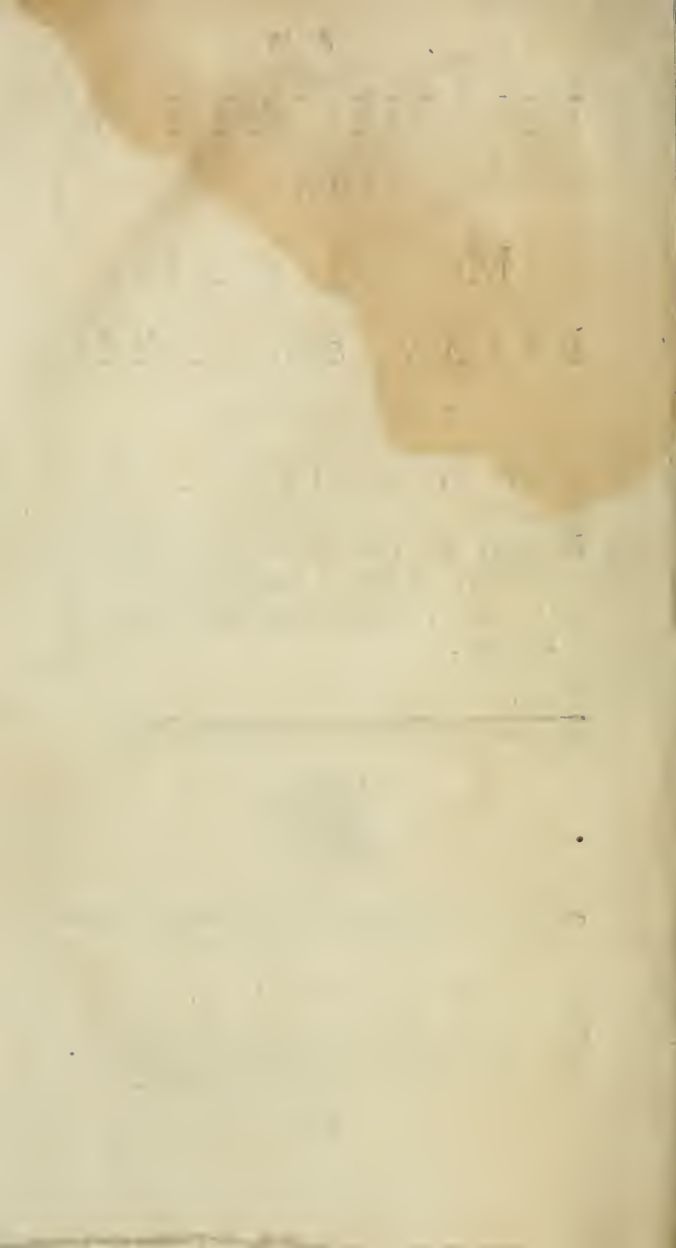
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L O N D O N :

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PREFACE.

I DO not remember that ever I experienc'd the Power of Poetry so strongly as in Mr Pope's Essay. What Author is there who is not lost in a Translation? And what Poet who is not misrepresented in Prose? If any are to be excepted, Mr Pope is one of the first. We find in him one of the most judicious Remarks in Horace exactly verify'd.

“ IT is not enough to constitute a Poem,
“ that the Verses be composed of certain
“ Words in Number and Measure, if, when
“ you displace them, the Expressions are re-
“ duced to mere Prose. But change the Si-
“ tuation and Order of these Words as much
“ as you please, there will always remain
“ a certain noble and sublime Air, that still
“ retains the Rapture of Poetry.”

THE Justice which I have now done Mr Pope is agreeable to the public Voice. This goes so far, that I have seen several of his Readers admire him, like the rest, tho' they did not understand him, and indeed were very far from understanding him. I am pleased with thinking that a few Lines from his Pen have had Credit enough to reconcile the Vulgar to the Notion of a Plurality of Worlds, which a great many Persons, even now, refuse to admit. However, this is a Notion that our Age has great Reason to congratulate itself upon; it seems to me to be of very great Use to raise our Admiration of the incomprehensible Infinity of our Creator.

I never find myself more sensibly touched with the Pleasure of Existing, than when I apply myself to run through the Gradations of Beings. The little Knowledge which I have in the Anatomy of Plants, and their Fruits, makes them already appear to me a Subject worthy of exhausting my Admiration. I lose myself in the Search of the Distribution of their Classes, their Genera, Species, and Individuals, which, closely examin'd, present new and undeterminable Differences between them

them. What Transports do I feel when I attend to what Mr De Reaumur has discover'd to us (which he makes us hope that he will still continue to do) about the smallest of animal Beings, and which the Ignorance and stupid Negligence of Men made them look upon with so much Contempt! In Proportion as my Taste for the Knowledge of Nature grows strong and advances, it seems to me that our Earth alone contains Wonders enough to take up whole Lives infinitely longer than mine.

OUR Sun gives Light to fifteen other Planets, and perhaps a greater Number too far off to be visible to our Sight. Telescopes have taught us that the Number of Suns is above all Computation, and that beyond this innumerable Multitude, whose Distance surpasses all Imagination, it is very probable that an unbounded Immensity is still filled with Creatures, for the Wisdom and Power of God are absolutely infinite.

BUT what is this System itself of innumerable Creatures, infinite as it is supposed, compared with the Infinity of God? There is an infinite Distance, between what receiv'd its whole Existence elsewhere, and the true Being,

iv P R E F A C E.

Being, the absolutely Infinite, whose Existence is necessarily eternal.

WHAT am I then, a little Particle, an Atom of this Immensity? What am I, in comparison of the adorable infinite God? Nothing. I lose sight of myself in this Abyss: But I soon find myself again, and that with Rapture. I am a Part of this immense Work: The almighty Hand of its great and all-powerful Author formed me too. He saw, and still sees all his Works. There is none but exists by him, none but what is present to him. There is no Object so little, upon which it is so easy for me to fix my Sight, as for him to make an infinite Number present to him. I am then honoured with his Regard, I have nothing from myself, but all from him. How gloriously does this Thought draw me from Non-Existence! I seem to myself coming out of nothing. In this Supposition I find myself obliged constantly to study myself, in order to acquire a Knowledge of all that I have received, and render Thanks to the adorable Author of my Being for all his Gifts, and to confirm myself in the Use that I ought to make of them. If I was an Effect of Chance, if I knew neither from whence

P R E F A C E. v

whence I came, nor to what I was appointed, my own Existence would be a Burthen to me, and I could not have any Regard for it. But as I am the Work of my God, the Creator of the Universe, I cannot help congratulating myself upon my Existence: I cannot help loving, praising, and reverencing myself, and fearing to dishonour myself by Negligencies and Deviations. Since I am no longer for myself, all my Desires tend to discover what I ought to do with myself: With this Desire these Ideas arise: I find in myself a Monitor that teaches me what I ought to be employ'd in while I live, and persuades me what I have to hope for after Death. With a Fear, however, of being flatter'd by these agreeable Hopes, and deceiving myself in the Choice of my Employments, I come to perceive a Light which Socrates had so much wish'd for, and which he hop'd that God would honour Mankind with. I convince myself of the Truth of a Revelation, which gives an unshaken Constancy to all that Reason had already instructed me in, and presents me still with new Objects and new Hopes. It is so far from being possible that the giving myself up
to

to these glorious Expectations should be suspected of Pride, that it would be Ingratitude, Shame, Haughtiness, and Brutality, not to tend with all my Powers to that Rank to which I am called. Infinite Goodness has created Men capable of making a free Choice, capable of Self-determination, in order to enter into Treaty with them, to be loved of them by Choice, to honour them by a Goodness that surpasses all Understanding, by Returns of his Affection towards Beings capable of giving themselves to him, from whom they received all, and to whom they entirely belong.

WHOEVER will follow these Truths, (and where is it that they do not lead to?) Whoever will make Tryal of them, will find here the solid and infinite Happiness for which our Soul was formed. And as there is one Aliment the most common of all, and of which the rest have need, in order to make them the better relished, in like manner is there a Stock of Reflections, which is the Basis of our Pleasure, and heightens the Value of all the innocent Amusements that Life presents us with All the Charms of Sight, all the Delights of Music, all the
Relish

Relish of Fruits and other Food, all the Pleasure of Converse, all the Joys of Friendship, derive a new Value, and are infinitely enhanced by the Consideration that these are the Gifts of the great Governor of the Work, by whom we are beloved.

BY Thoughts like these we animate ourselves with a fresh Vigor to fulfil our Duties. What a new Matter of Admiration is this! To what does this Duty tend? To perfect ourselves, and render us useful to other Men, our Equals, our Brethren, who are the Work of our common Master, and therefore Subjects worthy of our Affection, Esteem, and Respect.

PERSONS of this Turn of Thought bend all their Attention to become true, sincere, and friendly; they distribute with Joy their external Goods, and with still greater Earnestness those of their Mind; they apply themselves with the utmost Care to a scrupulous Examination, in order to assure themselves of what is true, and to introduce it in the Mind of others, who are not so capable of instructing themselves.

THESE are a Series of Ideas which came into my Mind upon reflecting on some
Lines

viii P R E F A C E.

Lines of Mr Pope's Essay. Tho' I have written them, it was not with a Design to prejudice my Readers either in Favour of the Essay itself, or the Examination which I have taken the Liberty to make of it. My only End was to give my Readers some Assistance to form right Notions of the Subject both of the one and the other.



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A N
EXAMINATION
O F
Mr *P O P E*'s
ESSAY ON MAN.

To Monsf. -----, &c.

YOU request, Sir, that I would communicate to you the Thoughts which occur'd to me upon reading Mr *Pope*'s Essay. It is a Pleasure to obey you ; indeed I can refuse you nothing, and I am at leisure. But do not let it enter into your Thoughts to look upon what I am going to write, as a Criticism ; for you will be extremely mistaken. From my Youth I have always felt

a great Aversion for that Spirit ; the very Name of it is odious to me. My first Inclination carries me to acquiesce in whatever is propos'd to me. I have always need of Violence to bring myself to object, and nothing ever determines me to an Examination, but the Fear of deceiving myself, and afterwards drawing others into Mistakes. Besides, I am too well acquainted with the Charms of Poetry, to engage with a Poet who has already acquir'd so great a Name.

THRO' a *Prose Translation* I feel the Power of his Enthusiasm ; I have never talk'd on this Subject with any one Person, who has not own'd that Mr *Pope* is at least a shining Author. It concerns the Interest of Mankind that Geniuses of this Character should be likewise judicious and circumspect. Their Errors are contagious, we give into them with Pleasure, and 'tis not without Difficulty that we dissent ; especially, when they think in such a Manner as tends ever so little to favour the ruling Passions, and in general that Inclination so universal in Men, to direct

rect themselves according to their own Opinions, and not to bear their Satisfaction to be molested by any Reproach. I am far from prejudicing myself against Mr *Pope*, by imagining that his End was to countenance such Inclinations, and to gain Applause from Readers of this Character. I have supposed him to have had in view that End I wish'd him. In reading him I have endeavoured to turn his Expressions into a good Sense, and have constantly been fearful of laying such Principles to his Charge as I could not avoid condemning.

THE Subject he has undertook to write upon requires our chief Regard, and 'tis of the utmost Importance to us to be solidly instructed in it. God is an Object infinitely more exalted, and therefore more worthy our Attention. But if we do not know ourselves, how shall we arrive at the Knowledge of God our Creator? What can we do more to our Advantage than to inform ourselves clearly in these Questions? *Have I always existed? If my Existence had a Beginning, am I an Effect of Causes which have no Intelligence? which*

4 EXAMINATION of

act without an End? and which form'd me without knowing why or how they adjusted the Parts of my Body, and caused this Self of mine which thinks, to be born with this Body?

IN order to acquire the Knowledge of what I am, it is expedient to examine my Body: This Application is very far from being a Matter of Indifference. It is still of more Importance to ask one's self — *Am I, who think, a Part of this Body? Or am I a Substance distinct from it? I find myself capable of forming Ideas, of comparing them, of perceiving their Connections or Oppositions, of acquiescing in Principles, and drawing Consequences from them. If I neglect to make use of these Talents and Gifts, which the Author of my Nature has endowed me with, shall not I be answerable for the Ignorance in which I live? And if I do not make a good Use of them, shall not I be answerable too for the Errors into which I may fall?*

THIS is, I think, a rough Draught of the Method in which we should study ourselves. But one may be both a Philosopher

pher and Poet. To write as a Philosopher we must conform ourselves to this Method, or one like it ; whereas, a Poet is the Master of his Subject, and in this Quality he disposes it as he thinks proper. The Philosopher takes a Pride in giving Instruction, in resolving Difficulties, and dissipating Doubts and Obscurities. But the Poet, without any Intention to deceive, aims to surprize, to agitate, and wholly to engage his Reader. Mr *Pope's* Essay in particular seems to me an Imitation of the Epic Poem. *Homer* begins his with the *Wrath of Achilles*, and in his Progress finds means to recur to the Original of the *Trojan War*. Mr *Pope* begins his *Essay on Man*, by attacking his Pride ; and his Enthusiasm inflaming his Aversion and Contempt of this Vice, he cannot suffer any thing which has the least Tendency to it, even in the Chiefs of the Universe. After having fall'n severely upon their Ambition, he gives himself the utmost Liberty, and his Reader too grants it him, with regard to Man in general. He begins with promising a good deal ; and his Reader

6 E X A M I N A T I O N of

allur'd thereby, takes heart to follow him thro' all his bold Career. He makes him hope for Diversion, v. 15. but 'tis an innocent one. ———

Laugh where we must, -----

This we are obliged to him for. Afterwards he gains our Esteem by adding ———

----- be candid where we can.

And at last we respectfully give ourselves up to his Guidance, when he finishes the Period in Terms so becoming a Man of Sense ———

But vindicate the Ways of God to Man. v. 16.

He is to speak of the rest *en passant* : But this is the End, we expect, he will never lose Sight of.

AFTER an Invitation to Rapture and Wit, which we should find it difficult to refuse, Mr *Pope* enters upon his Subject, and gives us reason to hope that he will at
once

Mr POPE's Essay on Man. 7

once treat of God and Man†. This Plan is a very judicious one. What Benefit would the Knowledge of ourselves afford us, if we remain ignorant of our Creator? I know nothing of myself, if I know not from whence I came. It is with great Propriety too that he adds, 'Tis ours to seek God in that World wherein he has placed us*. This Notion is exactly agreeable to that of those sage Divines who put a Distinction between searching what God is in himself, and what he is with respect to us, that is to say, those Relations he has been pleased to enter into with Man. The Light of Revelation is entirely conformable to this Plan, and it instructs us chiefly in that which God judges proper to be with regard to us.

THO'

† *Mr Pope's Words are :*

Say first of God above, and Man below,

What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?

ESSAY on MAN, *Epist.* I. v. 17, 18.

* *Mr Croufaz has this Distich in view :*

Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own. v. 22.

8 E X A M I N A T I O N of

THO' Mr *Pope* asks, v. 19.

Of Man what see we but his Station here?

he had said a little before, v. 3, 4.

*----- Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die.*

This is, indeed, very little, and should seem hardly worth the Trouble of composing a Book.

BUT I hope, Sir, you have not forgot a Remark which I almost begun with ; it is, that the Poet is Master of his Subject. Writers of this Sort have long been granted a Power of chusing what they think fit to say, and disposing it in what Order they please. Mr *Pope* makes it appear at first Sight, that his Design is to humble Man : This is an End he always keeps in view, and certainly nothing is more *little*, or more contemptible than Man, if this be all his Lot. To finish a Course so short, so laborious, so perplex'd and dark, is not worth the being born for.

IN order to support the Right he assumes
to

Mr POPE's Essay on Man. 9

to look upon Man with so much Contempt, he bears him down with Questions. After having led him thro' the Immensities of Space and innumerable Worlds that fill the Extent of the Universe, after having imitated a Flight of *Homer*, and spoken of the *great Chain*,

----- which draws all to agree,
And drawn supports -----

Verse 33.

he does not give him Time to recover Breath, but asks him, with an insulting Air,

*Presumptuous Man! the Reason would'st thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind;
First, if thou canst, the harder Reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks were made
Taller or stronger than the Weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent Fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?*

Verse 35, &c.

IT is an easy Matter to perplex a Man after having stupified him with so many and such great Objects, which he has been forced to run through in so rapid a Manner; and I am persuaded, that the major Part of Mr *Pope's* Readers will find themselves reduced to Silence, and will think that Way the most eligible. However, (*a*) we have no need to enquire of the azure Plains in order to be inform'd by them how it comes

(*a*) See the subsequent Verses.

*Respecting Man whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to All.
In human Works, though labour'd on with Pain,
A thousand Movements scarce one Purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its End produce,
Yet serves to second too some other Use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some Sphere unknown,
Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Goal;
'Tis but a Part we see, and not a Whole.*

Ep. I. ver. 51, &c.

Mr P O P E's *Essay on Man.* 11

comes to pass that the Satellites of *Jupiter* are less than the great Planet to whose Uses they are assign'd ; it was not necessary for *him* to have them larger, and the Bigness of our Moon is sufficient for *us*. Oaks are much larger than the Shrubs that grow at their Feet, and their Fruits are of a different Use from that of those Shrubs. *Animals* stand in Need of this Abundance; and the Timber of Oak is of great Service to *us* in our Edifices and Ships. Mr *Pope* (I repeat it) has not undertook to give us a compleat System of human Nature. His Intention was not to extricate us from our Ignorance, but to mortify our Pride. And lest we should be mistaken here, and bound his Ideas of *Man* too much, he insinuates from the Beginning, that *Man* comprehends much more than he designs to mention. v. 6, 7.

A mighty Maze, but not without a Plan ;

A Wild where Weeds and Flowers promiscuous shoot.

HE hints by this at the Contradictions which are found to be included in Man. Several Authors have discoursed very wisely

12 EXAMINATION *of*

ly and judiciously upon our Excellencies and Defects, and 'tis incontestable, that we are obliged by our Duty to the Necessity of studying ourselves either in one or other of these Lights.

A MAN who can be satisfied to be ignorant of the Value of those Talents which God has given him, does not elevate his Mind in Thanksgiving, but passes his Life in a voluntary and criminal Ingratitude: On the other hand, a Man who does not make a proper Animadversion upon his Weakness, may easily presume too much on his Strength, and not be circumspect enough in his Study of himself and other Objects. But Mr *Pope* has not entered into an Engagement of exhausting his Subject. He was not obliged to it, he confin'd himself to a Poem in which he unfolds only *Part of Man*.

WHEN a young Tree leans on one Side, and by that means forms a disagreeable Figure, we are not content to set it upright, but bend it rather more than it ought on the opposite Side. This is a vulgar, but a just Comparison. Mr *Pope*,
that

that he may the more effectually compass his End, does not scruple to make use of exaggerated Expressions. Verse 35, &c.

----- *The Reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?*

WE are very far from being nothing but Weakness; for, with regard to the Body, Man has invented Machines, by the Means of which he can lift and transport Burdens too heavy for the strongest Animal; and as to the Mind, to what a Length have Discoveries already been carried, and how large a Way is opened for those who are willing to use their Endeavours to extend them farther!

THE Terms, *little* and *great*, are relative Terms; this is so true, that we are at the same time both very great and very little: Nor is this peculiar to us; there are no Objects but what are at the same Time infinitely great and infinitely little. As to that Blindness which Mr *Pope* imputes to us, the Expression is strong, but metaphorical. We are not
C born

born blind, nay, have the immediate Use of our Eyes. With regard to our Understanding, 'tis true, we are born in Ignorance, but we are born likewise with an Ability of extricating ourselves from it. It is in our Power to produce in ourselves a Knowledge capable of enlightning us; we are born very imperfect, but with the rich and invaluable Present of being able ourselves to work out our own Perfection.

I WILL add too (but by the way) that the Question why we are form'd so weak, so little, and so blind, may be interpreted in an ill Sense; for 'tis to ourselves that we ought to impute our (*a*) Errors. A
 Philo-

(*a*) Mr *Pope* in this Place considers Man only in his *natura'* State, and does not speak of his *moral* Defects. Nor does he at all dissent from *Solomon*, in describing Man as weak, and little, and blind; for so he certainly is, when compared with Beings of a superior Rank, and yet may be very perfect in his own. For (as Mr *Croufaz* observ'd of *great* and *little*) Perfection is a relative Term, and varies its Signification according as it is differently apply'd.

Philosopher, who knew more than *Mr Pope*, than I, and many other Men, after having well consider'd it, stands fast to this Truth, That *God made Man upright, but they have sought out many Inventions*, that is to say, they have reason'd wrong, they have sought out those Reasonings, and been pleased with them.

FROM all this I conclude, that *Mr Pope's Poem* ought not to discourage us. If *Mr Pope* should be asked, how it comes to pass that he, so weak, so little, so blind a Poet, could presume to bring *Homer* back again to Life, and make him a Native of *England*, worthy the Admiration, not only of the Age wherein he lived, but of all Posterity? All who are acquainted with *Mr Pope*, and I among them, though I have not that Honour, would be extremely offended at such a Question.

Mr Pope seems to run the Hazard of an Answer to the Questions he has rais'd, and even proposes one with a Confidence which looks very unlike a Genius that believes itself to be *little, weak, and blind*.

*Then, in the Scale of Life and Sense, 'tis plain,
There must be some where such a Rank as Man.*
v. 48.

THIS Consequence, which he asserts to be so evident, he draws from Mr *Leibnitz's* System, which is, that *the infinite Wisdom of the Creator must of all possible Systems have preferred the Best, and that in which every Thing should be compleat.*

PERHAPS, Sir, you are acquainted with this System only in general, and in a superficial Manner. I will, therefore, first give you a true Idea of it as briefly as possible, and then consider it as delivered by Mr *Pope*, whom I would not willingly injure, by laying Opinions to his Charge, which perhaps he is very far from entertaining.

MR *Leibnitz* agrees, that God created the World, and that he is a Being quite distinct from his Work ; in this he differs from *Spinoza*, who seems to have confounded the Cause with its Effect.

“ GOD, that is to say, the Eternal
“ Being, is such, that it implies a Contra-
“ diction

“ diction for him not to be ; Infinite in
“ Power, infinite in Knowledge, he com-
“ prehends in himself the Ideas of every
“ Thing he has Power to give Being to.
“ An Infinity of Worlds presents itself to
“ his Mind, but among the Ideas of these
“ innumerable Worlds, there appeared
“ one which, upon the whole, presented a
“ Work more perfect than all the others ;
“ and God, infinitely wise and infinitely
“ perfect, was determined, not by con-
“ straint, or against his Will, but with a
“ full and perfect Approbation, to prefer
“ to all the rest the System which at pre-
“ sent exists, and of which we ourselves
“ make a Part : The all-perfect Nature
“ of God did not suffer him to chuse any
“ other.” These are the Notions of those
who defend this System ; there is some-
thing specious and sublime in it, and very
proper to deceive.

LET us examine what is built on these
Principles. In order that the Universe
might be infallibly such as God its
Creator had conceiv'd it, every Thing
which it comprehends must subsist by Ne-

18 E X A M I N A T I O N *of*

cessity, and every Thing that is doing in it necessarily and infallibly come to pass.

FOR this end the World is an immense and universal Machine, composed of an infinite number of Machines all depending one upon another; their Springs are framed with so much Accuracy and Force, that not one of them fails of playing its Part; and all Events which succeed one another, are the inevitable Consequences of the first Impulse that set them in Motion.

AMONG these Machines, which hold their Existence from the Eternal Creator, we are acquainted with two Sorts; the one merely Corporeal, the other capable of Thoughts, Sentiments, Desires, &c. and to these we have given the name of Spirits, or Intellectual Substances.

MAN is composed of these two Substances; but, say these Gentlemen, this Truth has great need of Explanation, and People have been hitherto very grossly deceived in it.

A BODY is incapable of producing any Thing whatever upon a Soul; it can cause
neither

neither Ideas, Sentiments, nor Volitions to be raised in it: The Soul for its Part has no greater Power over the Body, and is equally incapable either of inclining or restraining its own. What then is Man? According to these Gentlemen, he is this:

As soon as one of these Machines which we call the human Body is, by the Effect of an innumerable Succession of Combinations, all inevitable, and necessarily join'd to one another, arrived to a certain Degree of Activity and Bigness; at the same Time, and by the Effect of another Succession of Combinations equally necessary and inevitable, a Thinking Being perceives Ideas, Sentiments, Volitions, exactly corresponding to the different Conditions of this Body; and among these Manners of Thinking, there is one of them which governs and reigns universally: It is the Imagination of this Soul, which persuades itself that it receives Impressions from its Body, and makes it act conformably to its Will. *Mere Imaginations, say they, perpetual Illusions!*

THEY explain their System by a Comparison.

parifon. Imagine two Clocks framed with fo much Dexterity, that neither their Hands nor Bells ever vary the leaft Moment ; one might imagine that one of them has an Influence upon the other, whereas it is merely a Harmony that results from the Exactnefs of their Make.

I BELIEVE that I am now thinking and dictating Exprefſions to my Amanuenſis, proper to excite Ideas conformable to my own in the Mind of my Readers. I imagine, too, that my Exprefſions raiſe Ideas in the Soul of my Amanuenſis, and that it is from hence that the Regularity of his Strokes proceeds, which are exactly ſuch as I would have them. No, ſay they, there is nothing in all this. Our two corporeal Machines have no need of the Influence of our Souls, in order to give one of them the Motion of dictating, and the other that of writing, as we do. All the Parts of the Univerſe are ſo well connected, and ſo inevitably ſubjected to Motions following one another in a Series, that my dictating Machine was, by the Concatenation of certain Succeſſions, found near

a Machine which should write conformably to what I pronounce, though it heard nothing of it. 'Tis true, my Soul imagines that it dictates, and is the Cause of the Words which my Body pronounces ; while his Soul too imagines that it hears those Sounds, comprehends their Signification, and directs his Hand to form Characters proper to recall those Sounds and their Signification. But even though neither his Body nor mine should be accompanied with any Soul at all, yet the Effect of Mechanism would equally hold good ; I should dictate, and he would write. What a Train of Absurdities springs from such a Supposition ! If in some Planet there was nothing but Bodies like ours, Books would be printed there, which would instruct no one, let them have ever so many Readers ; there would be Disputations held on Philosophy and Religion, Preachers would exhort to Repentance, and make Bodies weep, who would not know what Repentance and Sin are.

IN another Planet (for the Universe
suffers

suffers no Vacuum, and the Species ought to be disposed there in Degrees, without the Default of any one Species) in a third Planet, I say, there would be found Thinking Machines, or (Substances which would think, in an Order as constant as that of the exactest Machines,) every one of which would imagine itself to receive Impressions from a certain Body, and to produce also Motions in that Body, though no one of these corporeal Machines should add, by the Order of its Motions, and the Succession of Ideas, Sentiments and Volitions, to every one of them a certain Thinking Substance.

BUT further. Upon our Earth, a Thinking Substance forms to itself the Idea of a spacious Palace, and finds a real Design in itself of building one answerable to its Idea. This Project, though very clear, and connected in all its Parts, would never be effected, unless luckily there should be found a corporeal Machine, wound up to pronounce Sounds, and draw Lines, which might bear a Relation to this Project. This Machine alone however
would

would not forward the Execution of it : Nay, it would not be sufficient that these Words should strike the Ears of a great Number of other Machines, and these Profils in all their Proportions present themselves to their Eyes, for their Ears are no more capable of hearing than their Eyes of seeing : It would then be absolutely necessary that every one of these corporeal Machines should be accompanied with a Thinking Machine, infallibly determined to an Order of Ideas, all conform to those of the Architect, without this Architect's having contributed either mediately or immediately to their Production. And so all these Machines would be found wound up to build one Part of the Work.

BUT now what would happen if fifty of these Masons should utter nothing but *French*, and thirty others speak only *High Dutch* ; they would stand in need of an Interpreter. But even in this Case, and with this Assistance, the Sounds of the *French* would make no Impression upon the Soul of the Interpreter ; but the Soul
of

of this Interpreter would find itself disposed to think, and will, just as if it had had this Impression actually made on it; it would fancy that it render'd the Sense of the *French* Expressions into *High Dutch*; its Mouth would pronounce them: These *High Dutch* Sounds would not produce any Effect upon the Souls of these thirty Masons to whom they should be address'd, but the Concatenation of the Universe would seasonably excite Ideas in these Thinking Machines, which would answer those Sounds, and then the Eyes and Arms of these Masons would put themselves so well in Motion, that their Souls would imagine that they directed them.

LET us carry the System further, for we must bear Mr *Pope* company. Every Thing which we see, comes to pass by an inevitable Consequence of the first Impulse, which was impress'd on the universal Machine, and on all the Parts that compose it. One says, that there is no God, and looks upon the Imagination of one as extravagant. *Spinoza* admits one, but who as effectually destroys all Religion, as the
the

as the *Atheist* does. Mr *Leibnitz* too has formed an Idea of one after his Manner, which, in the general opinion of Mankind, no less overturns Religion. It would require whole Volumes to give but a tolerable Idea of the Pagan Divinities and their Worship. I tremble, and am not able to express the Consequences of this System with regard to *Moses* and the Prophets, to *Jesus Christ* and his Apostles, and to *Mahomet* and his Followers. The Universe would have been a Work too imperfect, and too unworthy the Choice of its Author, if there had been but so much as one of these Imaginations wanting. It is the same with regard to Crimes: Since there have been Parricides, it was essential to the Perfection of the Universe that there should be such; it was necessary that there should be Poisoners, Assassins, perjur'd Villains, Traitors, Cheats of all Kinds; it was necessary there should be unnatural Conjunctions; in a word, not one of those Horrors should be wanting, which are the Reproach of Human Nature. It was necessary there should be Inquisitors to exercise, without

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Mercy,

Mercy, all the horrid Cruelties on good People, whose Crime consisted in so great a Veneration for what they believed true, as not to abjure it : All that we have been saying, and an infinite number of Events of this Nature, would have for their first invincible and inevitable Cause, the Eternal Being, the Principle of all.

THE *Athenians* had no Law against Assassins, and those who poison their Parents, because this was a Case that never entered into their Mind, and was believed impossible. But how imperfect was the Universe then ! There were no Parricides, and Circumstances had not yet given an Opportunity for them to *play*.

A WOMAN is determined to cause her Husband to be assassinated ; the Fear of Death makes her resolve to affirm the Negative, in spite of the sharpest Torments ; at last she yields, and loses her Life in the Shame, and Punishment, which by such horrible Torments she had sought to avoid. She was handsome and well shap'd, she had Wit, a tender Heart, and Sprightliness ; the Sight of her drew
Tears

Tears from the Eyes even of those Persons who were shock'd at her Crime. But if the *Leibnitzian* System be adopted, in what will the Fault of this unfortunate Creature be made to consist? Such is the immutable Nature of the Eternal Being, that it was not possible but that this Woman, so handsome, so genteel, must run into all that she acted, at the Time destined and appointed for this Event, its Origin, and its Consequences ; all this was a Result of the inevitable Construction of the Universe, and of the first Impulse impressed on it.

I HAVE been assured, that in *Scotland* a Minister assassinated his Son without hating him, and without showing by any other Sign that his Reason was disorder'd. We may call the Dispositions, which were the Cause of it, a *cold Madness* ; being brought before the Judges, he confess'd with great Tranquillity to them, that the *Fact* was an horrid one. *Why then did you do it ?* *Alas !* answer'd he, *how could I avoid it ? The Event proves that I had not this Power, the Moment and Manner of my*
D 2 *Son's*

Son's death were inevitably appointed. He was not yet initiated into Mr Leibnitz's System, else he would have added, If my Machine had not played in this Manner, the whole Universe would have been in disorder; the further Cohesion of its Parts, one single Piece failing, is quite interrupted, and the rest can no longer keep on its Progress. *

THIS, Sir, is an Idea of the System; when 'tis comprized in an Epitome, one Part is hid, and all the Horror of it is not suffered to be seen. I design to enlarge it, and from thence examine this Idea in all its Particulars; but this shall be in another Work. I imagine you are impatient to ask me, whether I believe
that

* I suppose the following Lines are alluded to; perhaps the Remarker strains them a little too much.

---- *In the full Creation leave a Void,
Where, one Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the Chain alike.*

Mr Pope's ESSAY on MAN, Epist. I, v. 235.

that Mr *Pope* (a) has actually adopted this System? I answer you, that I refuse to believe this, till I am forced to it by more Proofs than I find of it in his Book: For after all, ought a Reader to take the Liberty of making a celebrated Author guilty of a Contradiction?

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;

But vindicate the Ways of God to Man.

Ver. 15.

THIS is the great End that Mr *Pope* in express Terms takes upon himself. Shall we dare affirm that, after this magnificent Promise, he all on a sudden mistakes, and instead of justifying

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(a) See Mr *Pope's Universal Prayer*, the third Stanza.

Yet left me in this dark Estate,

To know the Good from Ill;

And binding Nature fast in Fate,

Left Conscience free and Will.

fyng the Ways of God, justifies Man, who has it not in his Power to avoid any one thing of all he does, so that the Creator alone stands charged with all the Horrors and Confusions that make the Reproach of Human Nature?

ANOTHER palpable Contradiction ; **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT**, says he, at the End of his first Book. At the Sight of King *Charles* the First's losing his Head on a Scaffold, he ought to have said, **THIS IS RIGHT**. At the Sight of the Judges who condemn'd him, he must have said too **THIS IS RIGHT**. On seeing some of those very Judges taken and condemned for having done what was acknowledged to be **RIGHT**, he must have cried out, **DOUBLY RIGHT**. When his dear Friend, Lord *Bolingbroke*, was disgraced, the System required that he should say, **THIS IS RIGHT**. But Mr *Pope* himself makes this Prediction :

When

*When Heroes, Statesmen, Kings in Dust repose,
Whose Sons shall blush their Fathers were thy Foes,*
Epist. IV. Verse 74.

What should they blush at? At that which is right? They could not blush at any Thing else, for

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

YOU will ask me too, Sir, perhaps with more Impatience, How it comes to pass that Mr *Pope* fix'd on this Episode? I answer, that it is quite useful to his End; his great Design is to humble Man, and what can be more mortifying for Man than a System full of Horror, invented, colour'd, dress'd up, and publish'd by a Man who knew how to acquire a great Reputation. 'Tis on this Occasion that one may ask, "*O human*
"*Soul, weak, bounded, and blind, who*
"*dost not know thyself, how darest thou*
"*undertake to sound the Depths of the*
"*Divine Nature? How darest thou rely*
"*so confidently on thy weak Understand-*
"*ing, as not to dread the terrible Confe-*
"*quences which flow so naturally and*
"*inevi-*

“ inevitably from thy daring Principles?”

Is it permitted to a Man to believe that he is well enough assured of the Depths of Divine Knowledge, and has an Idea of it just enough to conclude from thence, that it was not possible for this infinite Intelligence to form different Plans of the Universe, every one of which, upon the whole, should be as perfect, and as worthy of the Choice of its divine Author as the rest?

HE alone is the absolutely perfect Infinite; it is impossible that what is produced from nothing can have a Perfection equal to his; and among Beings whose Perfection does not reach to an infinite Degree, why may there not be some equal to one another? Even if one should be easy enough to agree to this strange Paradox, that *two finite Beings distinct from one another, but entirely equal, should be but one and the same Being*; of two different Things, why might not one have as much Perfection as the other? To deny that the Divine Power extends to such a

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Production, seems to me one of the most daring Pieces of Temerity.

GOD stands in need of nothing. The perfect Infinite is self-sufficient. Can one dare to think that he was not enough satisfied with himself, till after he had exercised his Power in the Production of Creatures? Without them he is THE ETERNAL, THE INFINITE, THE PERFECT, THE BLESSED GOD; 'tis by a Choice of his Goodness, entirely free, that he was determined to create, rather than not to create.

It is not enough to say that he was not forced to it, we must add that he was willing it should be so by a Choice perfectly free; 'tis not enough that happy Intelligences congratulate themselves on holding their Existence from an Almighty Principle, which could not help producing, and producing them such as they are: Their Obligation to give him Thanks is of quite another Force, their Gratitude of a much more lively Nature, and their Admiration of his Goodness raises itself
to

to Emotions of quite another Degree; when they come to consider that it was entirely in his own Power not to have produced them.

BUT tho' I should be complaisant enough to agree, that it was necessary for God to prefer a World entirely perfect to one which, upon the whole, was less so; yet the System of Machines and Fatality is not establish'd by this Concession; for I insist upon it, and this Affirmation seems to me evidently true, that a Universe, in which there should be found free and truly active Intelligences, would be a Work much more worthy of God, than a World where Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, are the infallible and inevitable Consequences of the Construction of every Being, and of the first Impulse which the Creator impressed on them.

GOD shews himself infinite in Goodness, when he is pleased to enter into a Covenant, and Treaty of Friendship with his intelligent Creatures; when he does them the Honour to be willing to be lov'd by them, from a free Choice; when he

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puts their Destiny in their own Disposal, in order that being their own Masters, instead of thinking to live only for themselves, they should determine all their Inclinations to live only for their Creator; they have the infinite Satisfaction of giving themselves up to him to whom they belong; they beg his Acceptance of them, and that he would shew them his Will, that they might make it their constant Rule, and seek their Happiness in it. By what Emotions of Gratitude, by what Transports of Thanksgiving, can we enough celebrate the infinite Goodness of the Creator, who accepts these just Dedications which we make to him of ourselves, is pleased with them, rewards them with all his Tenderneſs, and by a Return, that surpasses all Admiration and all Understanding, will crown them with the Gift of himself! Is it possible that in opposition to this System of Religion any one should set up that of a Creator, whose Power was only displayed in making Machines of every kind, and giving them an Impulse, the Continuation of which produces every

every Thing we see? The Idea of such a God presents us only that of a great Artist, inexhaustible in making Springs of every sort.

IN our System, these sacred and venerable Words have a Meaning: *Thou hast destroyed thyself; what have I done to thee, O my People? O! if thou hadst had but the Will to believe me! Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I! But ye would not. As I live I have no Pleasure in the Death of the Wicked, but that he should turn from his Ways and live. I have waited for you, that I might have Mercy upon you.*

As to those who, by a voluntary Abuse of their Liberty, turn their Back upon the Source of all Good, and shut their Eyes to that which ought to employ them; prefer their own Fancies to the Will of their Master, and forsaking the Creator give themselves up to the Creatures; what Reason will they have to complain of a Condition, which they will have voluntarily drawn upon themselves, and which depended only on themselves to have avoided? They received
from

from God a Power of living better, and obtaining his Favour ; they did not vouchsafe, or they found it too difficult to make use of it. God has no need of them, and will have nothing to do with those who obstinately persist in refusing him ; if they cause Disorders, these Disorders do not provoke God to recall the Gift of Liberty ; his Goodness and his Power will gloriously repair these Disorders, and if good People suffer by them, their Virtue, which already shines the brighter by this Means, will still be more magnificently recompensed.

THE Libertines, driven from one Refuge to another, by the Defenders of Religion, have at length intrenched themselves in that which reduces Liberty to a mere Appearance, and subjects it to a real Necessity, by attributing all our Determinations to the external Causes of Concatenations, to Combinations, which every Moment produce Determinations, of which we believe ourselves to be the Authors.

THE Question about Liberty is a capital Controversy between them and us. If

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the Soul of Man determines itself, it is a Substance distinct from Bodies, every one of which may receive Motion, but none of them can impart it to itself. Moreover, if we do not determine ourselves, and if all our Acts of Will are really Effects of Causes to which we are subjected, we do not render ourselves culpable, we ought never to reproach ourselves, and we have nothing to fear.

THIS Subject has been explain'd in our Days with great Clearness, and the Truth of this Doctrine of Religion been established by Proofs which nothing can withstand, but a Resolution obstinately bent to agree to nothing but what pleases it. I have also treated this Question in my Logic, more amply in the *Latin*, where I examine in order Mr Collins's *Essay upon Liberty*, and very lately in my Epitome of Logic; and the Importance of the Subject engaged me to enlarge beyond what an Epitome ordinarily allows. I had before treated this same Subject very largely, in my Examination of *Pyrrhonism*, and in a *Latin* Work *de Mente humana*, which I design to translate into
French,

French, with the Addition of several Reflections.

BUT tho' I am disposed to write you a long Letter, I ought not however to swell it to a Volume. I will therefore not make Repetitions, but confine myself with adding a Page which I have just been reading in the *Bibliothèque Germanique*. The Author of this Article allows the *Leibnitzians* more than I grant them; but you will be pleased in reading what follows upon the *Liberty of Man*.

“ SINCE our Ideas and Understanding
“ are bounded, that which distinguishes
“ Objects must infallibly escape us, when
“ it is of such a Nature that it cannot
“ be perceived but by a Sight extremely
“ acute and delicate: And what is the
“ Consequence? It evidently follows that
“ on many Occasions the Soul must find
“ itself in a State of Doubt and Suspense,
“ without knowing precisely to
“ what Side to determine itself. And
“ this is justified by frequent Experience.
“ That Suspense of Judgment, so much
“ recommended by Philosophers, evidently
“ supposes Liberty.

“ ONE may, in a Case of a perfect E-
“ quilibrium, (I speak of the *subjective E-*
“ *quilibrium*,) assign many Causes of Deter-
“ mination; for we fix, if we may so
“ say, the Difference betwixt two Ob-
“ jects, either because it concerns us to
“ act, and that a too long Irresolution
“ would be prejudicial to us; or, if the
“ Question is only about indifferent
“ Things, because we will make use of a
“ Power that we perceive in ourselves,
“ and which nothing can hinder us from
“ perceiving.

“ 'Tis in consequence of this Power
“ that of two equal Things I chuse one
“ preferably to the other, without being
“ able to give any other Reason for it
“ than my Will.

“ IT is too by an Effect of this Pow-
“ er, that I can, when I have a mind to
“ shew my Liberty, prefer a less Advan-
“ tage to a greater, and owe my Deter-
“ mination only to myself. *Nothing* can-
“ not be the Cause of any Thing what-
“ soever; that Point is agreed: But is it
“ to allege *nothing*, when one gives the
“ Will for the Cause of our Actions in
“ certain

“ certain Cases? And pray what would
“ become of that Activity which is the
“ Property of intelligent Beings, if the
“ Soul could not act upon any Occasion
“ by itself, and without being put into
“ Action by a foreign Power? There
“ would then be no other Difference be-
“ tween Spirit and Matter, but that the
“ first would perceive the Motives that
“ make it act, whereas Matter is in-
“ tirely destitute of that which is called
“ * *Conscientia sui*: Yet there would be
“ Cases in which our Soul would will,
“ would determine itself without at all
“ perceiving the Motives of its Deter-
“ minations; which is almost equivalent
“ to that which is thought so absurd
“ when we say that, without the Assi-
“ stance of any Motive, the Soul may
“ carry itself towards such or such an
“ Object, only because it wills it. It is
“ against Reason to suppose an Effect
“ without a Cause; but it is not against
“ Reason to suppose an Action without
“ any foreign Motive applying itself to
“ our Soul. Thinking Substances have
“ this peculiar Property, that they may
“ be

“ be their own Objects, so that when
 “ they fail of extrinsic Motives they may
 “ find intrinsic ones in themselves.”

THE Patrons of that System, which I dissent from, seem to be offended, when they are charged with making human Souls Machines. *They are on the contrary, say they, Substances intirely simple, and by consequence are not composed of Springs.*

BUT when the Name of *Machine* is given to human Souls, we do not charge them with making Machines of them altogether like corporeal ones ; as to that Simplicity, which they attribute to them, in order to find an Evasion in this dark Supposition, they must give us leave not to be contented with it, till they have explain'd the Idea which they themselves have of it.

BUT by what Name soever they please to call these Companions of the human Body, whether *Soul, Spirit, thinking Substance, modified Thoughts, or Monad* (this last, their favourite Term, is derived from the *Greek*, and may be rendered by the Word, *alone, or Unity*) I ask, are these Beings inevitably determined to think,
 to

to produce or receive Ideas, Sentiments and Volitions, conformably to what passes inevitably in the Machine of the Body? Is this a Consequence of their primitive Construction? Does the *pre-establiſhed* Harmony require this? For without this pre-establiſhed Harmony a free Soul is capable of diſpoſing its Volitions, and while the Machine of its Body might be ſtabbing another Body, the Soul might revolve nothing in itſelf but Tenderneſs and Affection; and while the ſame Machine would be immerſing itſelf in Debauchery, and pronouncing Words proper to inflame it, the Soul would have it in its Power to chuſe Ideas of the Merit of Sobriety and Continence, to imploy itſelf about: But if, on the contrary, its Liberty is only conditional, and conſiſts but in a Capacity of employing itſelf in Ideas and Volitions, conformable to Wiſdom no longer than while its Body, and that Relation which it is deſtined to bear to it, is in Circumſtances quite different from thoſe of Debauchery; a Soul that conſents to aſſaſſinate, and do other ill Actions which the Body executes without the Soul's

Soul's knowing it, is much rather to be pitied than blamed, and it would be doing it Injustice to look upon it as culpable.

MR *Locke*, in his *Treatise of civil Government*, observes that People once infatuated with a System know not how to yield to Proofs which destroy it, and become inexhaustible in Evasions: This is the Case with the Defenders of the System which I am now examining. They cannot bring themselves to see a true Liberty in Man, and had rather deny it in God, than not regard this Idea as a Contradiction: Yet nothing seems to me more worthy to be attributed to God, and more agreeable to his supreme Elevation, than a perfect Liberty. He is self-sufficient, owes nothing to any thing whatsoever; his Works are such as we see them, because it was his good Pleasure that they should be such. Nature on every Side presents us with Marks of a free Choice. The Earth is round, or very near round: I allow that it was better that its Surface should be unequal; yet, according to some, there was a Time when it was not so. But however this new Supposition be, as
soon

soon as God thought fit there should be Mountains, is it not plainly begging the Question to affirm that the Order in which we now see them, and the Height of each, were the necessary Consequences of a Preference which the Divine Wisdom could not help making ?

LET us take a Range of Mountains extending from East to West, at a certain Distance from the Equator : Might not the first Mountain in this Range, set in the Place which we call the third Degree of Longitude, have been set without any Inconvenience in the sixth ? The others would have followed this, every one at the same Distance from another that they now are : That which is in the twentieth Degree would have been in the twentythird, and the diurnal Revolution of the Earth would have been made with the same Regularity ; these Mountains would have successively presented the same Positions to the Sun.

THE Surface of the Earth is composed of two Hemispheres : Shall we dare to say that God could not have drawn the Plan of this which we inhabit, on that
which

which has lately been discovered; and, reciprocally, in this have drawn that of *America*, without acting repugnant to his Wisdom? The Earth would by this means have presented to the Sun, and other Parts of the Universe, a Mass proper to maintain the same Relations with all the rest, as it at present does. I might go on with other Proofs of a free Choice, and perhaps I shall do it in another Work.

HAVE we not a very sensible Proof of it in ourselves? The Soul of Man, which has been able to carry its Knowledge so far, is but very imperfectly acquainted with itself. Our Creator has confined that Capacity of attaining Knowledge, which he has given us, within the Bounds that he thought proper.

It is then carrying on our Conjectures with a surprizing Temerity, to deny the Supreme Cause, and all its Effects, a full Liberty, and to look upon our most immediate Perceptions as Illusions. Nay more, this System tends to fill the Earth, and probably other Planets too, with Beings, who think for no other End than to imagine themselves the Authors of that which they have no Share in. MR

MR *Pope*, then, from the very Beginning of his Poem, would have forgot his End, if, after having at first declared himself so freely against the Pride and Illusions of Monarchs, he had not dared to touch upon the rash Presumption of Philosophers, whom Modesty so well becomes. But it is not only in the Author of this System that our Poet presents us with a Subject proper to humble us; the Number of his Adherents give us one too, which is no less mortifying.

'Tis said that the People of *Cappadocia*, to whom the *Romans* thought they had done a great Service, by making them a Present of Liberty, and a Power of governing themselves, found this Power so embarrassing, that their Indolence made them wish rather to see others burthened with it than themselves.

In the *Republick of Letters* there are likewise a great Number of Persons, who think an attentive, circumspect, continu'd and unprejudiced Examination, too laborious. A very slight Examination is sufficient for them to chuse a Master, and list themselves into his Service; they embrace

brace his Ideas, and often, for want of Ideas, confine themselves to adopt his Expressions ; satisfied with reckoning themselves his Disciples, and tenaciously disputing against those who are not of the same Opinion.

A VERY little Proficiency in the Study of Human Nature will be enough to teach us, that it is not surprizing to see a Man, who has gained great Applause, and who has given Proofs of a Genius equally subtil and laborious, in difficult Subjects, and such as few People had before been capable of: It is not surprizing, I say, that a distinguished Genius should flatter himself that he is equally capable of succeeding in other Subjects. His Ability whether natural or acquired, disposing him to establish his Principles, perhaps with too much Haste, he easily deduces from them a long Train of Consequences connected one with another. This is a System which gains upon Self-Love, and which derives too an additional Splendor from its Novelty. It is natural for us to be fond of our own Productions ; and when we have not early accustomed ourselves to consult others,

others, to ask Advice, and to profit by it when we have habituated ourselves to finish a Project alone, and not to expose it to the sight of the Publick till it be compleat, with the probable Hopes of gaining it the more Admiration ; it is not impossible but that with a distinguish'd Genius we may yet be mistaken, and we are almost pardonable, when we have the Unhappiness to persist in Errors, which we run into by such Steps.

BUT will those be so easily excus'd, who have not been seduced by Self-love ? and who, without a close Examination, adopt another's Offspring, and, deform'd as it is, embrace it with all the Tenderness and Zeal of real Fathers, and at last present it to others that they may equally admire it ? As for those, whom Self-love does not seduce in favour of their own Ideas, 'tis a strange Weakness to suffer themselves to be dazzled by Systems that have dazzled their Authors. The Spirit of Party is one of the great Causes of this ; one must have been Witness of its Effects, and nearly examined them to believe them. Another Source of this flows from the

Spirit of Contradiction. There are People who are pleased with nothing more than Disputes, they give themselves entirely up to them, whenever they are so happy as to find Opportunities. Many Interests unite themselves with this hateful Temper; Interest of Families, Interest of Communities, Interest of Countries, Rivalship in Reputation, Competition in Employment; and in all these respects the Spirit of Party finds itself supported by Vanity.

It is not easy to acquire a Reputation by inventing a new System. 'Tis the Work of a distinguish'd Genius, an industrious Mind, and of a Capacity to unite all its Parts, and give to each of them an Air of Probability: Besides, in order that the System may not vanish as soon as it appears, it is necessary for its Author to be in certain Circumstances that give him a Lustre. But a Genius, which has nothing uncommon, flatters himself that he shall come in for some Share of Glory with a celebrated and original Author, if he is one of the first to declare for him. He comprehended, at first View, what
others

others wanted Time to be convinced of; and if the System comes to be supported by a numerous Party, the first that enlist themselves are looked upon as the chief Officers, and the chief Supports of this new Literary Army, who fight by dint of Pen, and mix Gall with their Ink. Mr. *Pope*, without doubt, looked upon this Vanity with the Contempt it deserves, and it appear'd so despicable to him, that he thought barely to display the System would be sufficient to mortify it.

THERE is yet another Circumstance, very proper to cover the Defenders of this System with Confusion, and to humble those who interest themselves in the Honour of Mankind. There are a great number of People who would not have given themselves the trouble to find out these Imaginations, and who do not envy their Authors the Glory of them, neither are they of a Temper to run implicitly into the Fancies of another: Their Genius is not dull, nor their Taste Servile: But unhappily they have a strong Inclination to Libertinism, and whatever tends to support this has its Charms with them.

They do not examine whether that which flatters their Inclinations be founded upon solid Proofs, or whether it be establish'd only on trifling Probabilities. That it pleases, is a sufficient Reason for them to adopt it. These two are Dispositions that bring great Disgrace upon our Species: And what a contradiction to Reason is it; for us to seek to withdraw ourselves from that Obedience we owe to God! For what is there, on the contrary, more worthy of a rational Being than to instruct himself in that Obedience, in order to submit to it with all his Soul? These Libertines wou'd live after their own Humour, and not trouble themselves to enquire what their Master commands. It is however difficult for them to abandon themselves to this wrong Taste, and to trample on the most sacred Maxims, without feeling often from time to time certain Inquietudes.

THE System, which I make Mr. *Pope* to oppose, comes quite seasonably to calm these Inquietudes. *You had a fancy to get drunk, you gave yourself up to that Inclination, and you have fallen into Indecencies.*

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Are you not ashamed of this? Why should I blush at it? (a Person initiated into this System will reply) Is it my Fault? Since it is come to pass, there was a Necessity that it *should* come to pass. Innumerable Causes, infinite Ages past, receiv'd an Impulse to make them produce this Event. Far from being ashamed, I congratulate my self upon it. For what an Unhappiness would it have been, if I had drank less, and omitted doing some of those Actions which you are pleased to call Follies! They enter'd necessarily into the Construction of the Universe, and if one of them had been omitted, it wou'd have render'd this great Work imperfect, and less worthy of its Author.

WHAT a shameful Contradiction is this! They will not acknowledge that they have a Power of Self-determination: But why do they refuse to acknowledge a Power which makes it self so frequently and clearly felt? --- 'Tis that they may keep themselves in a State, of acting with less Disturbance, and indulging their own Fancies, without the least Reproach. — That Inclination which

they have to refuse human Nature the Power of Self-determination and Freedom of Choice, is far from destroying that Power; on the contrary, it is the Cause of their making use of it with less Constraint, and with unbounded Liberty.

AFTER all, Mr *Pope*, in quality of a Poet, had a particular Right over this System. The surprizing and even incredible Miracles that *Homer* sung, have added no small Lustre to his Verses. We love to admire, both the Invention, and Poetic Style raised to that sublime Degree to which *Homer* carried it. Mr *Pope*, after him, seems to be made for relating the most incredible Facts; and advancing the most improbable Notions. We acknowledge in this Style a Force more than human, when it dazzles so strongly as to cause People to adopt that which is the most remote from Common Sense. But of all the Reveries which the ancient Poets have chosen to embellish their Works with, and of all that we read in the *Fairy Tales*, I doubt whether any Thing equals the System by the exposing of which Mr *Pope* would let us see how far human Reason is capable

capable of erring. The more closely we examine it, the better shall we be convinced of what I affirm.

You desire the Pleasure which is found in drinking *Burgundy*: It would signify nothing if you should swallow even the Product of a whole Year: The Liquor might move the Fibres of your Tongue and Throat; but neither those Fibres, nor all the animal Spirits which may partake of their Motion, can make an Impression upon that Substance which is capable of perceiving Sensations, and which is properly, and in a peculiar Sense, that which you call *yourself*. It is necessary that this desir'd Sensation should arise in that Substance, which is quite distinct from the corporeal, and should arise there by virtue of a Series, a Succession of Causes and Effects not to be expressed. This Sensation, the Result of such a long Series, must arise precisely at the Time when the *Burgundy* enters into your Mouth, and goes down your Throat. But in order that this Sensation should not arise as of itself, and independently of the Efficacy of this Wine, and that you
should

should imagine this Wine to be the Cause of it, it is absolutely necessary that the Moment in which this Sensation arises be precisely the same in which the Order of the Universe determined your Machine to swallow this Wine. For this Purpose it was necessary too that at the same Time another Machine should, by an inevitable Concatenation, be determined to pour it out. This is not enough; it was moreover necessary that another Machine should be determined to draw it from the Cask, and place it on the Side-board, and this Cask still another Machine must have fetch'd from *Burgundy*: How many Steps are here! The Machine would have undertaken this Journey in vain, if it had not been provided with Money or Exchange-Bills, without knowing, however, what Money or Exchange-bills are.

This Money rightly told, or this Bill read aright, would have found in *Burgundy* a Machine which, without perceiving this Money, or understanding this Bill, would find itself in its Turn determined by an eternal, or very near eternal, Concatenation, to deliver the Casks demanded;

ed; and in the same Moment an Intelligent Substance would fancy that it gave Orders for this Sale and Remittance, to which however it had neither mediately nor immediately contributed, because a mere Thinking Substance is no more capable of acting upon Body, than it is of receiving any Impression from it.

WHAT shall we say of other Machines, which are called Coopers, determined to make Vessels of which they have no Idea? What of Artificers in Wood and Iron, who have form'd Tools for the Construction of these Vessels, without knowing what they did? For the Thinking Substances, which accompanied the Bodies of these Artificers, might well imagine that they directed them; but this was mere Imagination, for they did not direct them. What shall I say of the other Machines, which cultivated the Vines, gather'd the Grapes, and squeezed the Juice from them? The Result of all this Mechanism was, that a Thinking Substance at *Lausanne* imagin'd that it had Wine brought from *Burgundy*, and that it receiv'd agreeable Impressions from this Wine.

58 EXAMINATION of

A HUMAN Machine smiles without knowing what it is doing, another Machine asks, what it is thinking of; *Is it with a Design to ridicule me, that you make these Grimaces?* “ You may think what “ you please of it,” replies the first Machine, without understanding any Thing of the Sense of these Expressions. The Thinking Substances, which accompany the two Machines, fancy themselves to have heard the Sounds, and comprehended their Significations, though these Sounds have never reached them. The two corporeal Machines are determined, by the Influence of a Concatenation of many Ages, to box and strike one another; other Machines, of a like and equally necessary Concatenation, find themselves ~~leaving~~ disposed to part them. The following Day, one of these Machines that was parted finds itself determined, to write a Challenge, without knowing any thing of the Sense of it, altho’ the Thinking Substance, which accompanied it, be determined to think that it dictates that Challenge; another Machine finds itself necessarily determined to carry it; the

two principal Machines are necessarily determined to meet, in a certain Place, with their Swords; they draw them, make Passes, and parry, just as if their Minds directed them; which however contribute no more to these Actions, than the Stars do. One of these Machines is wounded and falls; another Machine is seasonably determined by a Series of Movements, as ancient as the World, to dress the Wound; and the Soul which accompanies this Machine looks upon all this as the Effects of its own Skill. The wounded Person dies, that is, his Springs cease to play; other Machines are at this very time determined, after several Movements of certain other Machines, gravely to pronounce a Sentence which they understand nothing of, but which a Soul imagines it self to have dictated. Moreover a corporeal Machine is determin'd, by the Force of an invincible Succession, to behead the condemn'd Person. I will add but one Word more; another corporeal Machine is by an inevitable Series, under a necessity of pronouncing Sounds, which its Soul imagines itself to dictate, of which
Sounds

Sounds, however, it is in no respect the Cause. The Soul of the condemn'd Person seems to hear, is frightened, breaks into Lamentations, and believes itself to have been wickedly active, in a Case where it was merely passive, and believes, too, that it run voluntarily into what it could not avoid. The Eyes of the condemn'd Person shed Tears, which his Soul is not the Cause of, and his Machine by mournful Accents intreats the Machines of the Spectators to sue for its Pardon.

I will go no further, but content myself with adding that the Partisans of this System seem to me very like the Inhabitants of a Mad-house. You will find them talk very reasonably on any Subject, but that wherein their Frensy is concern'd; but if you touch upon their Prepossessions, you will find yourself with an Apostle, a King, a Bird, a Lanthorn, a Bottle, and sometimes even with a Divine Person. One will tell you, he has lost his Feet, and does not know what is become of them. Another time he will complain that he wants a Head, &c. And this Comparison, which may seem very strong,

strong, will however appear to have the greater Justness, when it is considered that among those who have suffered themselves to be infatuated with a System that overthrows all Religion, there are yet some who, notwithstanding, have preserved religious Sentiments. So true is it, that the Mind of Man is capable of containing the most surprizing Contradictions. This then is a System very proper to humble Man, and it was with this Design that Mr *Pope* was resolv'd to chuse it. These Reveries surpass all that the fruitful Imagination of *Homer* made him sing on the Subject of those Prodigies with which his Poem is fill'd:

Cogitat, & speciosa dehinc Miracula promit,
Antiphatem, Scyllamque & cum Cyclope Cha-
rybdim ;

Miraculous Stories; *Antiphates*, *Scylla*, the *Cyclops*, &c.

I MUST not omit that this System throws a peculiar Ridicule on those who value themselves upon adopting it, who extol to the Skies their Leader, and his first and most zealous Followers ; and who in

short, honour them as the Princes of Philosophy. For it is precisely renouncing the System, and turning it upside down, when they ascribe to Mr *Leibnitz* the Glory of having made Disciples. That Part of him which was endued with Thought did not direct his Hand, it was only the Machine of his Body that drew those Characters which were afterwards imitated in printing his Works. An almost infinite Series of Springs and corporeal Movements produc'd those Characters, and a Series, carried on from Ages equally distant, produc'd both his Ideas, and the Imagination which express'd them according to his Mind, by the Strokes of a Pen.

It would have signified nothing for human Bodies to have cast their Eyes on the Books that bear his Name: These Books were incapable of causing any Idea in the Souls of those who read them; it was necessary that at a seasonable Time a great Number of Souls should perceive these Ideas to arise in themselves, and should imagine that they were furnish'd with these Ideas by reading certain

tain Books. Neither Mr *Leibnitz's* Soul, nor the Soul of his most zealous and indefatigable Adherents, could ever have had a Power of instructing the Souls of those who reckon themselves his Disciples; neither immediately, for a Soul does not act in this manner upon another Soul; nor yet mediately, for one Soul has no Action upon another by the Interposition of Bodies incapable of acting upon Thinking Substances. 'Tis then by an Effect of Destiny, that a great Number of Intelligences came to think like Mr. *Leibnitz*. The Season for this Event was arriv'd, and the Birth of these Thoughts was like that of Blossoms, where one Tree does not at all contribute to the Production of those which are blowing upon a neighbouring Tree.

It is to no Purpose that some of them should be fanciful enough to deduce the Truth of a System, which derives its Origin from the First Cause; that they should deduce the Truth of this System, I say, from the Multitude of these uniform Ideas, produced without any one of them contributing to the Pro-

tion of another ; for, according to them, it is the first Cause which properly speaking does all, and there is no Effect but what is caused by an infallible Consequence of the first Impulse impressed on the Universe ; 'tis therefore to this first Impulse, and by consequence to the divine and first Mover, that we must impute the Opinions of those who look upon the System as the most extravagant Imagination that the Mind of Man, by its own Fault, was ever misled by.

WHEN Mr *Pope* adds, Verse 51, 52,

*Respecting Man whatever wrong we call;
May, must be right, as relative to all*

he borrows the Language of the System which he designs no doubt to cry down, in order to humble Man ; for what can be more mortifying than to find one's self in an Incapacity of discerning what is really just from that which is not so ? God is equally the Cause of every Thing in this System, and an Attention to the Will of this supreme Being ought to make us look upon every Thing that happens with an equal Esteem and Veneration.

When

Mr POPE's Essay on Man. 65

*When the proud Steed shall know, why Man
restrains*

His fiery Course, or drives him o'er the Plains;

*When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the
Clod,*

Now wears a Garland, an Egyptian God;

*Then shall Man's Pride and Dullness compre-
hend*

*His Action's, Passion's, Being's, Use and
End;*

*Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and
why*

This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity.

WHAT must we conclude from that unless it be that no one is ever in the wrong? he is only what he could not help being. If any one fall into Slavery, it is not his own Fault, the Good of the whole required that he should do so. If any one finds a Pleasure in seeing himself ador'd, and believing himself a God, this too is for the Advantage of the whole. To what End is it then to exclaim so against the Pride of Men? To what purpose is it for any one to write a Book in order to instruct and reform others, if it

is not known what we are, and what we ought to do.

WHEN Mr *Pope* adds, that the supreme Being

*----- sees with equal Eye, as God of all,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World!*

* Verse 84, &c.

what are we to conclude from these Poetical Expressions, and from the Emphasis with which he delivers them, unless it be that all is indifferent to God, and that with regard to him every Thing ought to be indifferent to us? Whether we are acquainted with, or entirely ignorant of our selves; whether we inform our selves of the Will of God, or take no Pains about it; whether we make a good or bad use of any thing, conduct our selves

* They ⁿ say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in Fault,

*Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought;
His Being measur'd to his State and Place,
His Time, a Moment and a Point his Space.*

Verse 69, &c.

selves wisely, or plunge ourselves into the most enormous Brutality, whatever happens to us, it is the Almighty Power of God that acts both within and without us:

SINCE I give myself leave to kill a Sparrow, why should I make any Difficulty to assassinate or poison a Hero, whenever any Interest should prompt me to it, and I can commit the Fact with Security? God sees the Fall of the one, and the Fall of the other with an *equal Eye*. (a)

How

(a) Had the ingenious Author of the Examination regarded the Whole of this Passage, which he so much objects to, and not only a Part of it, he would perhaps have given a more favourable Interpretation.

*Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of
Fate,*

*All but the Page prescrib'd, their Present State,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits
know,*

Or who could suffer being here below?

The

68 E X A M I N A T I O N *of*

How could it enter into the Head of those who think after this Manner, to say that God was inevitably determined to give Existence to the Universe, and to create it in the highest Perfection, since they have no Idea of Perfect or Imperfect, of Use or Abuse, and that the Knowledge of these Things is above the Reach of human Understanding.

W H E N

*The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reason, wou'd he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his Blood.
Oh ! Blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who sees with equal Eye, as God of all,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World !*

From Verse 73, to 86.

WHEN I believe that my Hand was given me to lay hold on what is useful for me, and not to disturb the Quiet of others; that I was made capable of eating and drinking to keep up my Health and Strength, and not to destroy them; shall I suffer my self to be persuaded that all these Conclusions have no more Reality than a mere Dream, since the Ox does not know why he breaks the Clods?

OUGHT I to look upon Existence, and the Gift of Thinking, which are the Presents of my Creator, as a Good or an Evil, or an Accident quite indifferent? Ought I not to esteem these Presents, to give Thanks for them? Can I refuse to do this without being ingrateful? If I esteem what I have receiv'd from God, ought not I to love God himself? And ought not I to wish for the Continuance of a Present which shou'd be so dear to me coming from his Hand? Shall I be afraid that I do an Injury to the Wisdom of God, and that Veneration which I owe to it, when I believe that he does not act without Design, and that consequently he has given
me

me Feet to walk with, and a Mouth to speak? Do I dream when I am upon my Guard against Error, and apply myself to think right. If an Intelligence which does not deceive itself, be in a Capacity preferable to one that does deceive itself shall I doubt, that God in graciously giving me a Power of endeavouring at Perfection, would not be pleas'd that I shou'd make use of that Power? What is Man, and by what Mark shall we acknowledge him to be the Work of a God, wise, good, and perfect, if he is born incapable of discovering the Principles of Morality, the Solidity of its Grounds, and the Certainty of the Consequences that are drawn from it?

THE *Leibnitzian*, who takes it for granted that all is the Work of God, that all our Thoughts, all our Actions are the inevitable Consequences of an Impulse whose Movements nothing in the World can stop or divert, will answer those who ask him Why God has impressed an Impulse by the Efficacy of which we are expos'd to so much Ignorance, and so many

many Misfortunes, You are mistaken, will the Fatalist say, *God has given you Hope to be your Blessing now.* So that, according to them, the Goodness of God amounts only to lulling us with the * Hope of some better Fortune. The Truth is, that Men spend their Lives miserably in forming Projects, and, without ever being undeceived by Experience, flatter themselves, that when one fails, they shall succeed in some other, from which they hope to gain a still greater Advantage. Mr *Pope* (Verse 95) seems to think that 'tis from the first Cause that a poor *Indian* derives the Imagination he has of seeing his God in the Clouds, or hearing him in the Winds.

His

* The whole Passage stands thus.

*Hope humbly then ; with trembling Pinions soar ;
Wait the great Teacher, Death and God adore !
What future Bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy Blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human Breast ;
Man never is, but always to be blest ;
The Soul uneasy and confin'd at home,
Rests, and expatiates, in a Life to come.*

Verse 87 to 95.

His Soul proud Science never taught to
raise itself higher (*a*).

T H E S E Expressions might be very much abused, should we undertake to put what we have good Grounds to believe, upon a Level with Imaginations without Proofs. But a more reasonable Sense will be given to this Page, if it be supposed, that Mr *Pope* compares the Stupidity of a poor *Indian* with the Audaciousness of an Infidel, whose confin'd Reason gives itself up to Objections against Providence.

I CONFESS, Sir, that this Page seems obscure to me: He heaps so great a Number of Ideas in the Compass of a short Period, his poetic Fire expresses them with so much Rapidity, that it is difficult to lay hold on them, and it is still more difficult to perceive their Connexion. Mr *Pope's* Design escapes our Observation;

(*a*) *Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd Mind
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind;
His Soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way.*

tion ; we would not attribute any to him but a good one, but he does not give us leave to be assur'd that the Design, which seems a good one, is that which he had formed to himself.

T H E R E are Men who think in a very absur'd manner upon the Subject of Providence. Such are those poor *Indians* with whom *Mr Pope* begins this Period. There are some confident enough to deny that there is a Providence, and without Scruple heap Objection upon Objection against the Assertion. Lastly, there are some who form to themselves a System upon this great Subject, full of Absurdities ; and such is that of *Mr Leibnitz*. This System is their Idol ; their Prepossession for it engages them to exclaim at the Incredulity of those who refuse to adopt it. This, say they, is the true System, and those who criticise it, attack Providence, and criticise the Ways of God. *What Rashness* is this ! Those who are of quite another Opinion, are far from being alarm'd at this Censure, and to this short Exclamation, *What Rash-*

74 E X A M I N A T I O N of
ness is this ! oppose another equally short,
What Prejudices are here !

THE Peculiarity of this System, and what seems, I confess, the very Height of Absurdity, is, that God is equally the Author of these Ideas, however contrary, and of these mutual Reproaches. And when these mutual Reproaches are carried to Insults, these reciprocal Insults, and the Steps which precede and follow them, are the inevitable Consequences of the Construction of the Universe, of that of all its Parts, and of the first Impulse that the Creator impressed on them.

“ Do not you suspect your Zeal ? (would
“ I say to a *Leibnitzian*) are you not a-
“ fraid of deceiving yourself ? According
“ to you, your Thoughts upon this Sy-
“ stem are the Effects of a long Conca-
“ tenation directed by the first Cause.
“ Mine too, according to the fundamen-
“ tal Principle of your System, are the
“ Effects of another Concatenation, di-
“ rected by the same Wisdom, and the
“ same Power. Upon what Grounds
“ would you have me believe, that it
“ has deceived me rather than you ? ”

COULD

COULD Mr *Pope* have chosen a more proper Subject for a satirick Poem? He undermines this System in an oblique manner, but he undermines it effectually. This Satire moreover attacks a very ancient Error. All those who have mix'd their empty Imaginations with the Purity and Simplicity of Religion, have never fail'd to exclaim against the Presumption of Men who refuse to adopt them; but it never enter'd their Thoughts to suspect, that the Presumption might be on their Side who would impose upon others what they could not prove to them; and in the Age wherein we live, Children lay up in their Memories the Censures which they hear thrown upon Reason, and respect them. But in a more advanc'd Age, when the Yoke of Religion begins to grow heavy to them, and their Reason itself shews them the Importance of living well, and the Necessity of abstaining from Vice, they recall those Declarations against Reason, which they had formerly adopted without understanding them, in order to assist their Libertinism, and make that, which had been recom-

mended to them as one of the greatest Supports of Faith, subservient to their Unbelief.

HOMER never quits the Wrath of Achilles, and Mr Pope continually returns to the Pride of Man ; *Verse 119, &c.*

*In reas'ning Pride (my Friend) our Error lies :
All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest Abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
And who but wishes to invert the Laws
Of Order, sins against th'Eternal Cause.*

THERE are but few Periods in this ingenious Work, but what seem to be to me susceptible of a double Sense. Perhaps this is my Fault : But am I in the wrong, with regard to that which I have just now cited ? I make you the Judge. Pride may cause a Person to aspire after Elevation, and Pride may make him refuse it. A Man, who is never easy till he is arriv'd at the first Employments of a Court, is suspected of Pride, and his Behaviour afterwards proves that this Suspicion was not a Mistake. The Prince offers Preferments to another, who refuses,
and

and desires to be excus'd accepting them. People admire his Modesty, and they do him Justice. He is not thoroughly acquainted with his own Capacity, and fears the Contagion of bad Examples. But there may be found others, whose Motive for a Refusal, so seldom to be met with, would be Pride. A Love of Independance is, with some People, their strongest Inclination. The least Subjection is odious to them, and the very Notion of a Master gives them an Uneasiness.

MAN is a Creature capable of Knowledge and Reflexion: He reflects, and 'tis with Joy he is convinced that he is the Work of the eternal and perfect Being. He is transported with this Discovery, and concludes from it, that he is permitted to love, esteem, and revere himself, since all that he possesses he holds from an adorable Hand. Nor are these Sentiments only permitted him, they are requir'd from him, and he cannot refuse them without Ingratitude. What ought he to do? And what can he do better than to give Thanks, with all

his Powers, to his adorable Creator? This Consequence is evident, nor is that which follows less so. He ought to neglect no Means of being assured of the Will of his Creator, in order to conform his own to it. His Desires ought continually to be bent on improving himself more and more (*a*), and rend'ring himself every Day more virtuous. He receiv'd these Talents from the Author of his Life. Wou'd this infinitely wise Author, and who never acts casually, and without an End, have given him Leave to make no use of them? At seeing such a Resolution, shall we cry out, — *What Pride! This Man is never content.* Will you criticise, too, the following Answer which he will make you :

IT

(*a*) Mr *Croufaz* certainly argues very justly, upon the Necessity of Men's improving the Talents which they have received from their Creator; but there does not seem to be any thing in the Passage he cited from Mr *Pope*, that at all contradicts this. For does his exclaiming against the Pride and Folly of *Mortals*, in aspiring to the Perfection of *Angels*, at all imply that they are not to look upon themselves as *Men*? and act agreeably to that Rank in the Creation wherein they are placed?

“ IT is not Pride that animates me, a
“ Dedication of my self to God is my
“ chief Duty and my great Motive. I am
“ always perfectly contented with my
“ Creator; but, by an Effect of his Grace
“ and Assistance, I am never enough
“ satisfied with my self, to indulge my
“ self in an undisturbed Repose, to give
“ my self up to Indolence, and neglect
“ making a further Progress.”

WILL any one dare, on the contrary;
to praise a Man who says — “ As for
“ me I do not aspire to so many Perfecti-
“ ons. I do not trouble my self with these
“ fine Ideas. I do not enquire either
“ what I am, or what I can or ought
“ to do. I care for nothing but the pre-
“ sent Day. I eat, drink, sleep, and
“ walk. I eat when I am hungry,
“ drink when I’m dry, go to Bed when
“ I’m sleepy, rise when I please, I feast
“ daily, and whenever I find Means or
“ Opportunity, I give my self up to
“ Pleasure. I go on in an inconsiderate
“ Manner, I live without Constraint,
“ and am subject to nothing, as much as
“ I can I make my Inclinations my Rule.
“ Let

“ Let People think what they please of
 “ me, I live for my self, and not for o-
 “ thers; I will not sacrifice my self to
 “ the chimerical Desire of a Reputation.”
 Is this Modesty or Pride?

But if it be true, that after Death any thing remains of Man, that one of his Substances continues to think and live, and that his Sovereign Master, conformably to the Opinion of many Persons of an improv'd Understanding, and who are very far from being fanciful, ask him how it came to pass that he conducted himself with so much Indolence, and so little Reason, will this Man, or what remains of him dare to answer, It was not my Business, I was born, I have lived and died, such as you made me. Ah! Wretch, did not I make thee capable of thinking and living better? Wast thou not encompassed with a thousand Persons, whose Examples excited thee to do so? Whom did it depend on but thy self to imitate them?

Mr *Pope* continues, Verse 127,

*Ask for what End the heav'nly Bodies shine
 Earth for whose Use? Pride answers, 'tis for mine.*

It

It seems to me that there wou'd be more Simplicity and Ignorance, than Pride in this Answer.

In my Infancy I believed, as others did, that the Earth was made for the Habitation of Man, the Animals and Plants for his Use, the Sun and Stars to give him Light, and to render the Earth fruitful; and I do not remember that these Ideas ever inspired me with Vanity. When, as I advanced further in Knowledge, I thought that the Planets might be inhabited by Beings like ourselves; when I carried this Conjecture still further to those Planets, which may surround the fixed Stars, which I conceive to be so many other Suns, my Vanity was not at all mortified at it. I was delighted, and am so still, with thinking that other Beings, more perfect than I, glorify our common Creator, and serve him in a more exact Manner. I love to join my Thanksgivings, weak as they are, to the more lively Emotions of their Acknowledgments.

WHEN Mr *Pope* adds, Verse 133, &c. and makes Man say.

For

*For me the Mine a thousand Treasures brings
 For me Health gushes from a thousand Springs,
 &c.*

It is plain that his Fancy diverts itself with Poetic Exaggerations. When 'tis said that God made Man *the Lord of all*, the Sense of these Expressions amounts to this, That God has made human Nature capable of receiving a Part from all; and that which is true of human Nature in general, does not however extend to every Man in particular.

*But errs not Nature from this gracious End
 From burning Suns, when livid Deaths descend
 When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests
 sweep
 Town to one Grave, and Nations to the Deep.
 No 'tis reply'd the first almighty Cause
 Acts not by Partial, but by general Laws*

Mr Pope seems to think that Reason is asleep when 'tis not awakned by Pride. Good Sense might have inspired this Answer without its being dictated by Pride. The Mixture of Good and Evil, which we find in the World has
 astonished

astonished the wisest Philosophers: The Blessings which God heaps upon Men, in such great Abundance, and with so much Regularity, made them conclude that an all-wise and good Providence presided over human Nature. On the other hand, the Calamities to which we see our selves exposed, astonished them; and in order to reconcile these with the Goodness of God, they have exercis'd their Minds in a great many happy Conjectures. They were principally embarrassed with the internal Defects of human Nature. The History of the Fall, if the Memory of it had been preserv'd, might have remov'd these Difficulties. The Books wherein this History is preserv'd, have such Marks of being Authentick, as render them venerable to every Man who will make use of his Reason; and many Learned Men have given Proofs of their being so, which Unbelievers have never been able to weaken; and this History in itself contains nothing but what may easily be believed.

INTELLIGENCES of a Perfection, Knowledge and Power, incomparably superior
to

to what we can attain, suffer'd themselves to be dazzled by their own Grandeur. As exalted as they were, the Depth of the Divine Nature was always an incomprehensible Abyfs to them. A Power that gives Being to what did not before exist, was above the Pitch of their Ideas. Perhaps they might think they held their Existence not from such a Power, but from an eternal Fatality. The weak Understanding of a *Spinoſa* dared to indulge itself in ſuch Conjectures as theſe. A perfect Submission to a Being, to whoſe Will they were not at all obliged, ſeem'd too great a Subjection to them. God did not think fit to deſtroy them by Annihilation, he choſe rather to let them live, that he might the longer confound all their pretended Power, and pretended Subtlety Mr *Pope* tells us, ver. 123. that aspiring to be equal to the Divinity, Angels fell.

God created Man, and united with an Animal Body, a Soul of a much ſuperior Order. He placed this Creature in a delightful Abode, which nothing was to alter; he put the Earth, and all that it ſuſtains, in ſubjection to him. But it was
juſt

just to demand from Man, a Creature who held all from God, and whom God had put in Possession of so many Riches; It was just, I say, to demand, from this happy Creature, a Homage which shou'd be an Acknowledgment of his Dependence. The Goodness of God confin'd this Homage to the abstaining from the Fruit of one single Tree, in order that, by this Abstinence, Man shou'd acknowledge, that from his Liberality he enjoy'd the Use of all the rest. The Devil undertakes to make Man violate this Law, and for this Purpose he addresses himself to the Woman, who had learnt it not immediately from God, but from her Husband. The Woman but newly created, and who was not even present at the Review which God caused *Adam* to make of all the Animals, was not surpris'd to hear one speak like herself. His Vivacity shewed something singular. The first Question, which the Serpent made, had nothing suspicious in it; *Yea hath God said that ye shall not eat of every Tree of the Garden?* The Woman answers him, that this Prohibition is confin'd to one single Tree.

The Devil seems to think this Prohibition incredible. Wou'd God have created so beautiful a Fruit, to be mortal? It is not permitted to conceive so much Opposition between the inside and outside of his Works. The Beauty of this Fruit informs you, that you did not rightly understand your Master's Words, and the Name alone, which he has given to this Tree, ought to be sufficient to remove your Error. You will no sooner have eaten of it, but your Knowledge will be enlarged. From these Principles, not well enough examin'd, the Woman draws too hasty a Conclusion; a Hastiness which we still imitate in all our Errors. She eats this Fruit, and receives no Prejudice from it. This helps to deceive her Husband: He suspects, in his Turn, that he did not rightly understand the Sense of the divine Command; the Example of a Being, whom God had given him to compleat his Happiness, had a very great Influence on him.

ADAM and EVE were created in Innocence; their Mind was without Prejudice, and their Heart without bad Inclinations; but their Understanding was bounded,
they

they had not yet had Time to enlarge it by Exercise. Their Fault was followed by Fear: They apprehended that they had acted in this important Affair with too much Precipitation, as they really had. They were seiz'd with Confusion, and this Confusion was increased by the Presence of God, Not being able to justify themselves they had recourse to Excuses. The Cause of this Ill was thrown upon the Serpent, whose Ministry they were ignorant that this Devil had made use of, of whom too 'tis probable they had not yet any Knowledge. *Adam* and *Eve* deserv'd immediate Death, however the Devil was far enough from having that Satisfaction: God prolonged their Life, and continued his Design of making them the Origin of Mankind.

To put them in remembrance of their Fault, the Earth became a less pleasant Abode, less fertile, less regular in its Productions, and less faithful in answering the Industry and Prayers of Man. Men then have had the Enjoyment of Life, but this Life has from time to time been exposed to Danger, and crossed by Calamities. All this

serves to put them in Mind that they are Sinners, that they deserve Chastisement, and that they ought to use their earnest Endeavours to grow better. This is the natural Voice of those Ills that God sends upon the Earth, while on the other hand the Blessings, which God does not cease to diffuse in an abundant Manner, declare to them a merciful Master, who invites them to be grateful, and claims their Obedience, in order to reward them.

I found my self obliged to enlarge a little upon this Article; and now it will be easy to answer the Objection that Mr *Pope* either proposes himself, or puts in the Mouth of those to whom he lends his Verses.

*If the great End be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?*
Verse 145.

It is easy to answer, that all Nature does not continually concur in procuring Good for Men, because they are Sinners; and it is even necessary they should be chastised, either because they deserve to be punish'd, or that Chastisement may reform both those who feel it themselves, and those
who

who are Witnesses of it in others. *If Nature deviates from what Men desire, Why should not Men deviate from what God demands?* I answer, that Men are free and active Beings, who, 'tis true, have no Right to do it, but yet have a Power of deviating from the Ways which are prescribed to them, may add second Faults to the first, and crown their Disobedience with Rebellion.

Nature -----

*----- as much ---- a constant Course requires
Of Show'rs and Sun-shine, as of Man's Desires;
As much eternal Springs, and cloudless Skies,
As Man for ever temp'rate, calm and wise.*

A CONTINUAL Spring, and Skies for ever cloudless, would be fatal to the Earth and its Inhabitants; but can it be look'd upon as an Evil, that Men should be for ever temperate, calm, and wise? I can see no Justice in this Comparison, and the Fire of Poetry must have carry'd Mr Pope far beyond those Bounds wherein Prose requires that Reason should be confin'd.

*If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heav'n's Design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?*

THESE Words have no Sense but in the *Leibnitzian* System, which confounds Moral with Physical, and in which all that we call Pleasures, Pains, Contentment, Inquietudes, Wisdom, Virtues, Truths, Errors, Vices, Crimes, Abominations, are the inevitable Consequences of a Concatenation, either eternal, or as ancient as the World; but it is this very Thing that renders this System so shocking, that the bare proposing of it is sufficient to make good People tremble. 'Tis very great Matter of Mortification to Human Nature, that this System was invented by one Man, and adopted by many others.

*Better for us perhaps it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here;
That never Air or Ocean felt the Wind,
That never Passion discompos'd the Mind.
But all subsists by Elemental Strife,
And Passions are the Elements of Life.*

THESE last Words seem to me to be a strong Proof that Mr *Pope's* Design is to overthrow *Fatalism*, and shew all the Impertinence of it. For is it possible that a Poet, whose Genius has render'd

der'd him so celebrated, would condescend to write for the most uncultivated Minds, which have nothing but confused Ideas, who know nothing but what the Prejudices of the Senses teach them, and who are ready to give themselves up to the most disproportionate Comparisons, provided they be confidently proposed, and contain a Collection of high Words?

IN corporeal Nature there is not one little Mass that is perfectly simple, all are composed of little Particles which are called elementary; their Mixture is followed by Fermentations, sometimes weak, and sometimes stronger, which diminish these Particles still more. Thus divided, and thus agitated, they serve for the Nourishment and Increase of organical Bodies; and it is to this Increase that we give the Name of Life. Have the Passions any thing in common with these Particles? Do their Mixture and Conflict serve for Nourishment to the Thinking Substance, and constitute its Life? I love Poetry, as you know, Sir: I feel the Influence of Mr *Pope's*, even thro' a Prose Translation; but I confess to you, that if
his

his Work pleases me in general, there are some Places in it which mortify me, and This in a very particular Manner. I give into what enlightens me, but dissent from that which does nothing but dazzle. This last is the Effect of sophistical Comparisons, and Words without Meaning or Sense.

MR *Pope*, at the 164th Verse, introduces a Madman upon the Stage, and asks,

*What wou'd this Man? Now upwards will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.*

AND after having put the whimsical Imaginations of this Madman into Verse, he concludes that

*The Bliss of Man (could Pride that Blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond Mankind;
No Pow'rs of Body or of Soul to share,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.*

THERE is Truth in this Thought, but we must not stretch it too far. We ought to live in a Resignation to our Condition, though

though our Knowledge is bounded, and our Virtue imperfect. But this Resignation is very far from an Indolence, which keeps us quiet in our Ignorance and its Consequences, and takes away from us the Thought of endeavouring to get clear of it, to dissipate it by little and little, and to render ourselves perfect by Degrees. This is not a rash Enterprize, our Nature is capable of it; this is not Pride, but Duty: We are under an Obligation of behaving ourselves, of thinking and acting conformably to that Nature we have received. The Plants grow, our Soul too may grow in Knowledge and Virtue. The Growth of Plants is an Effect of external Causes, but that which thinks in us, has a Power of acting upon itself.

ALL that Mr *Pope* adds, verse 185, &c. leads us naturally to conclude with him,

*Who finds not Providence all good and wise;
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?*

IN some of the following Verses, Mr *Pope* describes, with a great deal of Elegance, the Gradations of Beings, which
God

God thought fit to form. His infinite Knowledge conceiv'd the Ideas of this innumerable Diversity of Species and Individuals, and his unbounded Power gave Existence to a World, to which we can assign no Limits. I will only add, that I do not see what Reason there is to deny acknowledging a free Choice in this Multitude of Species, to which God has been pleas'd to determine himself. Would his Wisdom have been forgotten, if he had form'd one less? or wou'd it have been carried to an Excess, if he had added one more?

It seems to me too, and I cannot think otherwise, that a Universe, which contains free and active Intelligences, is evidently a Work more worthy of God, than one compos'd of Parts, which, from the first Moment of their Existence, will continue to act, or rather to receive inevitably every one its own Condition, in which it seems to do that of itself, to which in reality it is determin'd by an antecedent Impression, without being able to avoid it.

WHEN

WHEN he continues, verse 235,

---- One Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd.
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the Chain alike.

And if each System in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least Confusion, but in one, not all
That System only, but the Whole must fall.

Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
Planets and Suns rush lawless through the Sky.
Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heav'n's whole Foundations to their Centre nod,
And Nature tremble, to the Throne of God.

the Poet suffers himself to be carried away by his Fire, and supposes a System of Nature, which has no more Foundation than the Imaginations of *Cyrano de Berjerac*.

WE have now no difficulty to conceive that every Star is a Sun, which like ours turns upon its Centre, and gives Light to its Planets. By virtue of the Laws of Impulse, or those of Attraction, all these Conjunctions keep themselves in a perfect Equilibrium. The Proportions betwixt their Motions are so well established,

blished, that if there shou'd happen any Change, a constant Mechanism wou'd soon have repaired it.

BUT a thousand and ten thousand Alterations may happen in the Planets, with regard to their Plants, their Waters, and their Animals, without the System's suffering in the least from them. The Laws, by which it consists, receive no Modification from all those little Changes which are made about us. To suppose this, is carrying the System too far; and the Patrons of Fatalism have took care not to let slip so specious an Occasion of freeing themselves from all Constraint. They were very earnest to put themselves into this Chain, in order to go on at random, and to have nothing to reproach themselves with, whatever they might happen to do.

WOULD it be a Proof of the Skill of an Architect, to have built a House in such a Manner, that there cou'd not be so much as a Stone or a piece of Wood taken away, but that it must fall entirely down? Wou'd such a close Connection between all the Houses in a Town, from one End to the other, declare it a Master-piece?

piece? Does so great a Conformity with a House made of Cards, show any Excellency? What wou'd be said of an Engineer, who, to make his Art admired, shou'd have compos'd the Stones of a whole Fortification, in such a Manner, that not one cou'd be removed from its Place, but the Whole must be overthrown? And is it not infinitely better, that the Effect of a Cannon Ball shou'd be confined to make but one Hole?

A YOUNG Man disorders his Affairs by losing his Money in Gaming with one of his Fellow Citizens. Will this Disorder extend to the Extremity of the County? Will it extend even to half a League?

THE Belts which are observed to be in *Jupiter*, shew that there are great Changes in that Planet. Do we feel any Effects from these?

THERE are fixed Stars which vanish, and appear again: Do we at all perceive that so great an Effect extends to the neighbouring Stars?

'Tis a more evident Proof of Wisdom in the great Master, that a Whole (I do not mean the universal Whole, but parti-

cular Systems) a Whole like this of the Earth, and its little Vortex shou'd subsist, notwithstanding the Alterations which happen in the Parts that compose it.

THE Desire of establishing the System of Fatality gave rise to the inventing that of these chimerical Dependencies, and made them to be confidently deliver'd as necessary, without the least Proof.

“ I have got drunk; it was necessary
 “ I shou'd do so, for every thing in the
 “ Universe is connected. My Head aches;
 “ *Well, then you will not do so any more;*
 “ Why not? If it be my Fate, it is my
 “ Business to acquiesce.” This is what they are pleased to call by the venerable Name of Submission to divine Providence.

“ *But you are subject to epileptic Fits,*
 “ *and may, perhaps, die in one of them.*

If that happens, it will be my Fate, and the Good of the Universe requires it. *Die and adore God* (Verse * 88) is my Motto. I do not refrain from Wine, and I am not afraid of its Effects. Upon the whole, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.**

* Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore.

NERO gave Entertainments, where young People of Quality of both Sexes attended without being cover'd with any Vail. *Heliogabalus* had his Chariot drawn by naked Women. What a Happiness is it that there were *Neroes* and *Heliogabuluses*, since that did happen, the Good of the Universe required that it should happen! Without a *Nero* and an *Heliogabulus* a Link would have been wanting, and from thence (since all the Pieces depend on one another) the Confusion would have reached to the *Throne of God* *.

IF being infatuated with a System be not Pedantry, what is? We laugh to see the Appearance of a Fool upon the Stage, who against saying the *Form* of a Hat, and not the *Figure*, exclaims; "*Aristotle* would not have expressed himself thus." Shall we laugh less at a Man, who designing to lay his Hat upon a Table, lets it fall upon the Floor, and says very seriously; It was as impossible that this should not happen, as it is that the Sun

K 2

should

* *Heav'n's whole Foundations to their Centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the Throne of God.*

should not set to Day? In the System of the Universe all is connected, the greatest as the least. There must be wise Men in the Counsels of Kings, and mad Men in *Bedlam*. And here is one found.

IF I was a *Leibnitzian*, and at Night should take a Review of my Behaviour, What a Happiness is it, should I say, that I crush'd that Snail! Since it is dead, it is a Proof that the Continuation of its Life would have been a Disorder capable of overletting the Universe! But what a Happiness is it too, that I was taken off from treading upon another, for since that remained alive, it was necessary to the Good of the *Whole*!

WHEN Naturalists have made an Hypothesis, and indulge themselves in a Conjecture; if they are wise, the more it is peculiar to them, the more they distrust it, for fear of deceiving themselves. They oblige themselves to examine first of all whether it does not suppose any thing impossible, inconceivable, or any thing that is against Common Sense; if it does, they abandon it.

Now

NOW the *Leibnitzian* Hypothesis overthrows the simple and natural Ideas of Morality, of Just and Unjust, of Laudable and Punishable; it is not in the Power of intelligent Natures to act otherwise than they do; they Will nothing but what they are under an inevitable Necessity of Willing, and without which nothing could prevent the Universe being overthrown.

BESIDES, this System has no Regard to the Proportion which ought to be maintained between Causes and their Effects. 'Tis agreed, for Example, that there is only an arbitrary Connection between the Characters of Writing and the Sounds of Speech, since the same Words, that is to say, the same Sounds, may be expressed by quite different Characters: Yet the Impression of the Characters, drawn upon a Paper, makes upon the Eyes, that have no Knowledge, a mechanical Impression, from whence the Sounds result. If the Eye of the Body is struck by these Characters, PUT THIS LATIN INTO FRENCH, these Characters no ways perceiv'd, that is to say, of which the Eye has no Idea, will, by

the Intervention of the Eye, make an Impression upon the Organs of the Voice, and the Hand, from whence will be produced *French* Characters and Sounds, without any Understanding being concerned in them.

A NATURAL Philosopher will oblige himself too to abandon the Hypothesis, whenever it will not furnish him with Explications applicable to those Phenomena which it is design'd to explain. Now, what an Infatuation must it be, not to see that the *Leibnitzian* System of Fatality is entirely contrary to the most incontestable Facts! A Country Woman puts twelve Eggs under a Hen to sit on, another puts fourteen; if the first had put fourteen, and the second twelve, this Confusion of Time and Place would have drawn Disorder too on the Universe, and much more so, if one had put thirteen and the other fifteen.

· MR *De Reaumur* has taught the Method of taking those white Butterflies from which the Caterpillars that devour Cabbages are produc'd. Before this, these Butterflies multiplied in great abundance,
and

and the System of the Universe necessarily requir'd that it should be so ; for every thing there is connected, every thing in a Chain. If afterwards these Butterflies were produced in much less Numbers, there would happen Changes in the Universe which required such a Diminution, and, in order that it might take place, inevitable Causes determin'd Mr *De Reaumur* to publish his Book. I am delighted whenever I meet, in reading Mr *Pope*, with some Lines which depart from the System of Fatality. Verse 253.

*What if the Head, the Eye, or Ear repin'd
To serve mere Engines to the ruling Mind;
Just as absurd, &c.*

THE pre-establish'd Harmony does not suffer any one to think thus, who allows the Body no Power over the Mind, nor the Mind over the Body. Verse 259.

*All are but Parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul ;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth, as in th' Ætherial Frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,*

Glorious

*Glow in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent, &c.*

WHAT he adds to correct these surprising Assertions, forms Antitheses still more paradoxical. A Follower of *Spinoza* would express himself after this Manner; for *Spinoza* would acknowledge only one Substance, to which he granted the Name of God, lest he should be accused of not allowing any; and he pretended that we ourselves, and all that to which we give the Name of Creatures, are nothing else but this Substance, differently modified. I am obliged to Father *Tournemine* for having thought how to soften the Expressions of Mr *Pope*, and to remove them, as well as their Author, from a Suspicion of *Spinozism*. It is not because Mr *Pope* is born a Catholic, that I take Pleasure in thinking that when he speaks of God, as he that

*Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glow in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,*

his

his Expressions amount to this, that it is God who made the Sun proper to warm, and the Trees to blossom. I confess to you, Sir, however, that I love to see God spoken of with great Reverence, and great Caution; and I am not edify'd, when an Author, in speaking of so great an Object, indulges himself in Turns of Wit and Antitheses, which may lead to very false Ideas. I remember to have read in *Vanini* Heaps of pompous Antitheses, by which he seem'd to teach wonderful Things; and yet he connected these Terms together only because he thought them contradictory, and had a Mind to make the Idea to which they were apply'd, pass for a Collection of Contradictions.

GLOWING Stars, and blooming Trees,
present us with pleasing Ideas: But if these Expressions are just and well grounded, the following will be so too: *'Tis the universal Cause, 'tis the Soul of all Nature*; in a Word, 'tis God who flatters in Courtiers, is imposed on in the Prince, lyes in the Lawyer, who is perjur'd in the false Witness, who sells Justice in
the

the Judge, blasphemes in the Infidel, pronounces ridiculous Prayers in the Superstitious, metamorphoses himself into all Sorts of Figures in the Idolater, denies himself in the Atheist; who, in *Spinoza*, is every thing and nothing, hid under undeterminate Expressions, which give nothing real to lay hold on: In another Author he is the great Monade, eternally attentive to the Play of an infinite Number of Corporeal Machines, and an infinite Number of Monades, whose Thoughts are directed by a necessary Chain of Causes, though to themselves they seem free, and which imagine continually that they direct the Motions of Machines, upon which they have no Influence, and from which they receive no Impression: 'Tis this great Monade which devours Men in the *Iroquois*, that mixes the deadly Draught in the Poisoner, that pronounces the formidable Sentence in the President against the unfortunate Convict, who however did nothing but what was impossible for him not to do, or, as they love to speak it, inevitable. His Machine did it necessarily, and,
by

by virtue of the *pre-establiſh'd Harmony*, his Soul willed it inevitably. 'Tis too the ſame univerſal Cauſe that executes the given Sentence, and makes the unhappy Wretch expire in Torments. He boaſts in *St Peter*, afterwards denies, and at laſt weeps and repents, and in *Judas* hangs himſelf.

WHEN a Man perſiſts in the System which leads ſo directly to ſuch horrible Conſequences, can it be wonder'd if that he falls under the Suſpicion of *Atheiſm*? What Sentiments of Religion is it poſſible to conceive in a Man, who indulges himſelf in ſuch Ideas of God 'as ought to make all who adore him tremble?

HOMER has repreſented his Gods contending with one another. The System which Mr *Pope* deſigned to ſhew the Extravagance of, repreſents God as contrary to himſelf Author of the Crime in the Wicked and Reprobate, and Author of the Punishment in the Judges who condemn them; for, according to it, every Thought in a human Monade is the natural and inevitable Conſequence of thoſe which preceded it.

LET

LET us again stop a little to consider the Verses which finish the first Book. Verse 275.

----- *This kind, this due Degree
Of Blindness, Weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.*

I CONSENT to this Expression (*kind*) and do not wrangle about it, it may be render'd in a good Sense. In effect, our Ignorance and our Weakness turn to our Happiness, by the Endeavours which we make to enlighten and strengthen ourselves. God is pleased to take account of these our Endeavours, and as a tender and equitable Father looks upon them as a Merit, and rewards us for them. But it will not be the same with those who take no Pains to get out of their Ignorance and Weakness. Verse 277.

*Submit ----- in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour.*

IF these Words signify, *Give yourself up to the Direction of your Inclinations and*
your

your Fate, and die with Confidence. The Promise is great, but it requires Security, and, for want of sufficient Security, very strong Proofs, and such as are suitable to so great a Concern.

IN this Paragraph, from these Words,

All Nature is but Art, -----

to those,

*And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's Spight,
One Truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS
RIGHT,*

I must confess to you, that I read an Argument that hastens to a greater Conclusion, but far from finding any Proofs, I see nothing like them.

My Inclination carries me, and I think myself obliged, to ascribe to Mr *Pope* no unreasonable Opinions: But these honest Intentions, which I congratulate myself upon, do not, however, prejudice me so far, as not to discover in these Expressions the Style of *Fatalism*. One Thing puzzles me, and is even beyond my Comprehension, which is, to guess what Mr *Pope's* Intention was, unless it be the Plea-

sure of making Verses upon a Subject upon which Poetry has never been yet employ'd.

A WORK of *Spinoza's*, intitled, *De Emendatione Intellectus*, viz. of the *Correction of the Understanding*, is looked upon as ridiculous. *Spinoza* pretended that all our Thoughts are the inevitable Consequences of a Subordination, or of an eternal Concatenation of Causes; What is it then that he would have us reform? Can we, according to him, new mould ourselves? And have we the least Power over ourselves?

THE same Question may be made to Mr *Pope*, supposing him a *Fatalist*, 'To what Purpose do you write? To what Purpose do you repeat to us in pompous Verses, "Cease to be proud, Think only how to submit thyself to Fate, Be contented with thy Condition, without desiring to amend it?" Fate will have a full Power over us, without his telling us so, if his System is true. The Care which he has taken to write will contribute nothing to it, his Book will act only on our Eyes, his Verses on our Ears,

Ears, and the Impressions received in our Eyes and Ears will not penetrate to our Soul, because the Body does not act upon it; and if we come to conceive such Opinions as Mr *Pope* would have us, this will be by virtue of a Concatenation of Causes, which will produce them at a seasonable Time, and which will acquire no Strength from all the Lessons that he has sung us.

It is lost Labour, and an unjust Re-proach, for him to censure our Pride; if we have it, we receiv'd it elsewhere; it is our Business to submit, and this Submission too is an Effect of some Cause, unknown, and distinct from us.

I WILL ask Mr *Pope* too, Are you well assured of the Truth of your System? If he answers, I cannot doubt of it; We will reply to him, That the opposite System seems evident to us, and that we are obliged to acknowledge ourselves free and active Intelligences. What Mischief then will he not render himself answerable for, if certain Intelligences, free and active, but disposed to indulge themselves in Idleness and Vice, instead of resisting these

Dispositions, and changing them into more reasonable ones, as they might, come to abuse their Liberty, and, in order to live more licentiously, are determin'd to embrace the Opinion, That they are subject-ed to a Fate, which it is not possible to surmount, and which they cannot even endeavour to surmount, without making themselves guilty of Impiety !

THUS Mr *Pope's* Work can do no Good : For if it be true, an inevitable Fate will do all, without his being in the least concern'd ; and if it is false, it may do a great deal of Mischief, and lull in Inaction and Security, Intelligences, capable indeed of instructing themselves by an attentive Examination, but capable too of hastily embracing those Opinions which favour the Inclinations they find it troublesome to resist.





REFLECTIONS

ON THE

SECOND EPISTLE

OF

Mr *POPE*'s ESSAY on MAN.

I Will begin my Reflections on the Second Epistle with a Remark, that other Readers, as well as myself, have made: It is, that when we look in each of these Epistles for nothing but Instructions, agreeable to its Title, we find ourselves presently mistaken. Mr *Pope* without doubt had consider'd all his Subject before he began his Work. His lively and capacious Imagination passes from one Idea to another, and carries itself beyond what we expect. From hence arises this Advantage, that we read it a second Time, and those who are more desirous to instruct themselves, and understand it well, enter on a third Perusal.

----- *Presume not God to scan.* v. 1. &c.

THIS Stroke falls upon the *Leibnitzian* System: There never was a more daring one. Its Defenders deny God the Power of giving Being to free and active Intelligences. They conceive him to be under a necessity of creating such a World as we see, and deprive him of the Freedom of Choice. They make him as well the Author of whatever appears the most shocking to Human Understanding, as of that which it acknowledges to be the most lovely and estimable.

The proper Study of Mankind is Man.

Mr. *Pope* draws, at first sight, an Idea of this *Man*, whom he excites us to study; but he clogs this Idea with so many figurative Terms, he looks upon it in so many different Lights, he presents it under so many Oppositions, and so many either real or seeming Contradictions, that his Reader, not daring to hope to unfold it himself, is quite disposed to give himself up to any one who will endeavour to instruct him.

HE

He makes Sir *Isaac Newton* appear like an *Ape* *. He wou'd be in the right, if Man was nothing but a Machine, whose Springs were fet to Work by Foreign Causes. Sir *Isaac Newton* had studied Himself, he knew from whence he came, and to what he was appointed; he made this his Employment. Endued with Knowledge, perhaps, without an Equal, his Modesty was as great as his Knowledge, and he was a better Christian than an Astronomer. This is the true Picture that Mr *De Fontañelle* gives of him.

*Two Principles in human Nature reign ;
Self-Love to urge, and Reason to restrain.*

I can easily excuse Mr *Pope* for having personified *Self-Love* and *Reason*, and having presented them as two Parties, and almost two Substances, which have each their proper Function different from that of the other. Many Authors have made use of this Method, and by that Means perplex'd what they propos'd to clear. Mr *Pope*, carried along with the Crowd,
and

* And shew'd a *Newton* as we shew an *Ape*. v. 39.

and his own Fire, is so little aware of his having rendered himself obscure, and departed from Exactness, that he confidently insults the Schoolmen, *more studious to divide than to unite.*

In order to profit by reading him, I have apply'd my self to separate my Ideas. Man loves himself, and for that Reason seeks to render himself happy. In this Search, when he follows confused Opinions, he falls into Mistakes; but when he conducts his Steps by clear Ideas, he has no need to repent. Instructed by these clear Ideas, far from restraining himself, he takes Courage. His Ideas make him foresee the *future*. They bring back, agreeably to his Mind, the Remembrance of the *past*, which they procured him. They give him a Right to applaud himself in the *present*, of which they make him understand and perceive the Value. The better we are acquainted with the Value of any Good, the more earnest are we to procure it before we have it, and when we are in Possession of it, we take the greater Care to keep it, and give ourselves the Enjoyment of it with the greater
Attention

Attention and Perseverance. In proportion as our Choice, our Endeavours, and our Attachments are lively, they take the Name of Passions, and these Passions are more or less vehement. They are of great use, because they make us endeavour with the greater Ardour and Perseverance to acquire what we have need of, and what may contribute to our Happiness and Perfection. But for this End, it is necessary that the Plans which we form of our Behaviour, and their Executions, shou'd be founded upon, and directed by clear Ideas, and just Conclusions. If confused Ideas, and obscure Opinions produce our Desires, and direct our Projects, we shall quit the first for a second, and the second for a third, and our Life will be but a Succession of flattering Hopes, Repentance, Confusions, imperfect Pleasures, and such as are always either accompanied or followed by Inquietudes and Chagrin.

By the Assistance of this little System, I easily discover, that which Mr *Pope* has not been distinct enough in, what we are, what we ought to be, and what we may arrive

arrive to, if we will endeavour for it. A scrupulous Exactness wou'd not have suited a Poem, whose End is as much to surprize as instruct, to move as well as enlighten. The Reader must be left to the Pleasure of making Reflections, if he thinks fit, and to make a Progress himself in the Way which the Author was contented only to open.

*As Man, perhaps, the Moment of his Breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death;
The young Disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his Growth, and strengthens with
his Strength :*

*So, cast and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Disease, its ruling Passion came :*

V. 123, &c.

POETRY gives an Author the Privilege of not troubling himself about the Justness of Comparisons, it is sufficient for him if they are specious, and, if possible, new, and by this Character strike the Imagination of the Reader more strongly. I excuse then these sort of Comparisons in a Poet, but shou'd blame them in a Philosopher.

IT

IT often happens that a Person, threatened from his Infancy with Disorders in his Stomach, grows old, and dies at last of quite a different Illness. It is the same with several other Distempers.

EDUCATION, the Examples with which we are surrounded, and *Fortune*, that is to say, the Condition of those to whom we owe Life, have more share in the *ruling Passions* than the Constitution has.

The ruling Passion conquers Reason still.

This is true, if it be extended only to that which often happens; but if he pretends to give this Remark as a universal Truth, it is a Mistake. The want of Power in Reason over the *ruling Passion* is an old Complaint, and has given occasion to many Tales greedily adopted by young People. “ I feel in my self a God, says *Medea*; it is in vain to resist him:” — True, it is not to be done without struggling, but however it may be done.

A MAN who was not acquainted with *Socrates*, and who pretended to a Skill in Physiognomy, perceived in him the
Marks

Marks of certain Inclinations which *Socrates* was very remote from. The Physiognomist was laughed at, and would have lost all his Reputation, if *Socrates* had not been sincere enough to own that he was born with those Dispositions, but that he had taken great Pains to get rid of them.

WHAT cannot be done easily, may be accomplished by a little Trouble; what cannot be brought about by slight Endeavours, may be procured by a greater Application and Perseverance; that which is become exceedingly difficult by being deferr'd too long, would have been much less so, if it had been endeavour'd at in good Time: Every one, if he will, may make happy Experiments of this, and by that means find in himself the Overthrow of those Systems that tend to Fatality.

If there are in every Man certain Inclinations against which Reason has no Power, and that he is, by this means, reduced either to silence that Reason, or to the miserable Extremity of constantly condemning himself, and doing all his Life that which he cannot avoid
con-

condemning. If God has made us such, and is the Author of these Contrarieties, where are the Wonders of that Providence

----- *All good, and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?*

MR Pope, Ep. I. v. 197 *, and the following, still figurative in his Style, and lively in his Poetry, does not enough distinguish between the Virtues and Vices of Men. There may be some who may easily know themselves in his Pictures, if they will; there are some perhaps who will take Occasion from thence to reform. But, 'tis to be feared that many will make a wrong Use, and excuse themselves from growing more strictly virtuous than they are.

IF Men were perfectly reasonable, Mankind would be happy, every one would consult another's Good like his own; but there are few who take Reason constantly for their Guide. The Number of those who give but a slight Attention to it is very great, and there are too many who deviate entirely from it. Nevertheless,

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God,

* *Tho' each, by Turns, the other's Right invade, &c.*

God, who does not think fit to new-mould Mankind, nor revoke the Liberty that he has given to human Nature, suffers not the Abuses which they make of that Liberty; the Obliquity of their Wit, and the Corruption of their Heart, to overthrow Society, and he find means in his Wisdom to deduce Good from Ill. Men are sensible of their Wants, each has Need of the Assistance of others: They are from thence convinced of the Necessity they are under of doing mutual good Offices; they are pleased with this Intercourse, and, after having begun, out of a Motive of Interest, that which it would have been more generous to have begun out of sincere Affection, there are some who continue it upon more laudable Principles: That which Men would not be determin'd to by Generosity, they apply themselves to upon a Motive of Ambition; and Principles, which are very far from being upright, make them frame an Appearance of Virtues, which Society often receives Advantage from, but sometimes suffers by. These are the Ideas that occur'd to me, and which I have rang'd in the
above

above Order, in reflecting upon the foregoing Verses.

*Fools! who from hence into the Notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.* v. 202

THIS Exclamation struck me, I did not expect it. Mr *Pope* is not used to explain his Principles in a Manner sensible enough to let us see the Connexion of one of his Periods with the other.

THE System of Fatality gives Room for this Objection: If all happens necessarily; if our Volitions themselves, and that which appears to us the most free, is owing to the Concatenations of Causes, and secret Impressions, whose Effects are inevitable; there passes nothing in Intelligences, that deserves either to be rewarded or punished.

WHEN the Author tells me *Nero* might have reigned like *Titus*, if he would; I answer, Could he Will it? Experience proves that he could not, for that which did happen, must necessarily have happen'd. Nay, the Good of the Universe requir'd that *Nero* should live as he did, for otherwise he would not have lived so; for it did

not belong to *Nero* to make the least Breach in any of the Links which compose those Chains that preserve the Harmony of the Universe.

AMONG the Partisans of Fatalism, or those who apologize for it, there are some who have taken this Turn in order to make the *pre-established Harmony* the more easily receivable.

GOD, who foresaw what those Motions of the Body, which Men from time to time desire, would be, formed the Machine of the human Body in such a Manner, that by virtue of its Construction, and by virtue of the Operation of Beings that act externally upon it, it performs of itself Motions conformable to the Will of the Soul.

FROM hence it plainly follows, that all the extravagant Thoughts which may arise in the Soul, all the false Judgments, all the absurd Reasonings, all the impure, unjust, detestable, monstrous, cruel, blasphematory Desires; all these Actions that might successively arise in the Soul; the eternal Being has so skilfully formed the whole Universe, and human Bodies in
parti-

particular, that every one of them seasonably, at its proper Time, should have Motions conformable to the Will of a certain Soul. That in the Succession of Ages, there should appear Machines, which would execute exactly all the Horrors of the Inquisition. The Universe was prepar'd, from the Beginning of its Construction, to cause such Machines to appear upon its great Theatre, and God lent his great Art to the Execution of these detestable Volitions.

THEY must have an excessive Presumption in favour of themselves, and look on the rest of Mankind with the utmost Contempt, who imagine them to be so stupid as not too see that this Philosophy tends directly to overthrow all Religion.

IN a Monade, that is to say, a Substance perfectly simple, the Idea of a Theft arose with the Will to execute it. This Monade was called the Soul of *Cartouche*. The Idea of that Man, and the Will to imitate him, arose in many others. Immediately the Machines found themselves disposed, and the Universe lent its Assistance to set them a playing. The Idea

M 3

of

of a Card rises in the Monade of a Gamester; by the Effect of an innumerable Concatenation of Movements, its Hand precisely lays hold of its Card, and throws it upon the Table. The Will of the other Players is determined after a certain Manner, and the Construction of the Universe realises these Ideas. Who wou'd not admire the incomprehensible Art of the perfect Wisdom of the adorable Creator, who does all?

IN the Monade of *David* arises the Idea of a beautiful Woman coming out of the Bath, and together with this Idea arises the Will of possessing her. In that very Time, in another Monade, arise the Ideas of being sought by a King, and the Will follows these Ideas, and the Motions of Machines all prepared for their Execution. The Ideas and Wills of several Souls, not one of which had any Influence upon the other, and which, by the Effect of innumerable Successions, were every one of them produced at the proper Time, followed all this with the Movements of Machines, each of which punctually executed the correspondent Will, even to
that

that of *Uriah*, whose Springs were put in Disorder. Indeed here is more than enough to render any one, that gives himself up to these Chimeras, mad, unless he be already so.

How many Tears might it have saved *David*, if he had been acquainted with the *Leibnitzian* System! All this, wou'd he have said, ought inevitably to happen: The Perfection of the Universe required it. It was necessary for him to be what he was, in order that, of all possible Works or Monades, he might be the most worthy of God. There is but too much Appearance, that the Inclination of acquiring such a Tranquillity as this, is the true Source of that Violence, with which many People, who are not Fools, adopt this System.

This Reasoning which I alledge against the Fatalists, is without contradiction above their Subtleties; but since they are unable to answer, they elude it. *Oh Fools! not to discover the Difference between Virtue and Vice!* I agree, this is truly a Folly, and the greatest Extravagance: But, in order to avoid being guilty of this, it is not sufficient

sufficient to perceive a Difference between Virtue and Vice, in the same manner, as we find one between a Grape and a Chestnut ; Virtue merits Esteem, is amiable and worthy of Reward ; Vice is despicable, odious, and deserves Punishment ; this must be added, and yet this Addition wou'd not be allowed, if God was equally Author of one and the other, and if the one was as inevitable a Consequence of the Construction of the Universe, and its first Impulse, as the other.

Vice is a Monster of so frightful Mien, v. 208.

As to be hated needs but to be seen.

This is a fine Confession: However, this Monster, frightful as she is, seen too oft, grows familiar to us, and we grow familiar with her : This is but too true, and the Fatalists are a Proof of it.

What happier Natures shrink at with Affright,

A harden'd Profligate -----

----- contends is right.

We vulgar Minds, when we hear of a Murder being committed, are concerned at it, and often shed Tears; but a Fatalist,

list, established in his sublime Speculations, will content himself with saying, What a Happiness is this ! Had not this Murder happened, one Chain wou'd have been broke, and all the rest wou'd have felt the Effects of it. The Universe wou'd have been shaken, and perhaps quite overset by it. “ But do not you pity
“ the afflicted Family, who suffer so
“ greatly by the Loss of such a Father ? You may weep with them if you please (will he reply;) since you shed Tears, I conclude that they are necessary : But with me, the Ill that happens to a Part gives Place to the Good of the Whole. The Universe is more dear to me than a single Family, That which has just happen'd gives me Joy.

THERE is a great deal of Difference between admiring the Wisdom, Goodness, and Power of God, who does not suffer Vice to produce all the Ill in Society, that might naturally arise from it, and who even draws useful Effects from it; there is, I say, a great deal of Difference between this, and laying it down for certain, that God himself is the Author of
those

130 . EXAMINATION of
those Actions which we call vicious, and
that he produces them in order to de-
duce that Good which we see arise from
them. I will not therefore, like Mr *Pope*,
reckon the *Virgin's Shame* as a Frailty, I will
not say that, in order to *counterwork each*
Folly and Caprice, God has given

To Kings Presumption, and to *Crowds* Belief.

v. 234.

PRESUMPTION ought not to be look-
ed upon as the Gift of God to Princes :
This Gift is not advantageous to them-
selves. I can easily comprehend that the
People often suffer by it, and this is pro-
ved by Experience ; but I do not see what
Advantage they reap from it. A Prince,
who has not a greater Opinion of his own
Ability than it really deserves, takes
Counsel, and deliberates with Attention ;
A Prince who does not think of himself
greater than he is, and reckons himself to
be of no greater Value in the sight of God
than his Subjects are, will govern them
with much the greater Justice.

Neither is Credulity a Gift of Heaven.
To believe without Proof, is to abandon
Reason ;

Reason; but not to presume to decide that which is above the Reach of what we know ourselves to be capable of, is Wisdom. A Man of the common People, lets those, who think they have more Sense than he, dispute, without troubling himself to make them agree, and without endeavouring, by rash Assertions or Negations, to strengthen a Party.

*Taught half by Reason, half by mere Decay,
We welcome Death, and calmly pass away.*

If there be a ruling Passion in Man, it is the Desire of Life. Mr. *Pope* in this Place thinks fit to subject it to *Reason*, whose Weakness he had before established. There are People who are terribly afraid of Death notwithstanding these two Assistances, and there are a great Number whose Fears the Sentiments of *Religion* alone are able to remove. But Mr *Pope* has not thought fit to celebrate this valuable Present in his Poem; he there celebrates our Weaknesses, our very Vices disguised under the Name of Virtues; and it was not fit that Religion shou'd be put upon a Level with them.

Whate'er

Whate'er the Passion ----- v. 251.

Not one will change his Neighbour with himself.

THESE Expressions are equivocal : No Man that considers what he says wou'd change himself for another, that is to say, cease to be himself in order to become another, for what Advantage wou'd he gain from such a Change? Ceasing to be himself, he wou'd cease to be ; but as to Circumstances, nothing is more common than to see People discontented with their own Condition, and admiring that of others. Mr *Pope* is a great Poet, and therefore I am persuaded he has a great regard for *Horace*, who has so elegantly declared this Truth in his Verses. So Mr *Pope* will not convince us by the Force of Antitheses, though to augment the Number of them he makes a Collection of Madmen;

The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King. v. 258.

THERE does not seem to me any thing to draw this Consequence from,

See! some strange Comfort every State attend.

This

This pretended Fact is contrary to Experience, and in some of these Comforts there wou'd be more Folly than Wonder, and we shou'd be rather to be pitied than congratulated. Here seems to me to be one truly solid and rational: It is necessary for Mankind, that those who compose it shou'd be divided into several Professions. A low Mechanick, a Shepherd, or Labourer may say, There are some Professions more shining than mine, but I had not a Capacity of attaining to them, and the great Governor of Men is as well pleased with me, if I discharge that which is fallen to my Share with Diligence and Fidelity, as if I was serviceable to Mankind in a higher Rank, of which, perhaps, I might not acquit my self so well.

'Tis thus too that Envy and Emulation are not the Gifts of God, especially Envy, which Mr *Pope* joins with Emulation, tho' they are very different: Providence however directs them to good Effects, but these Effects might flow more pure and more abundant from another Source. An honest Man sees another of the same Profession work industriously,

N

and

and go on with great Success. He has an Esteem for this active Man, he likes the Use which he makes of his Talents, he reads with Pleasure his own Duty in this Example, and is excited to imitate it; he will follow his Model then, and be very far from endeavouring to circumvent him out of Envy.

It is not necessary then that *Pride* should be

----- *Bestow'd on all a common Friend.*

*Each Want of Happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each Vacuity of Sense by Pride.*

This does happen, but it is not the Work of God. The Light of Reason is sufficient to supply us with incomparably more solid and valuable Comforts. What an Imagination is this! A Man pleases himself with making Verses, and succeeds very ill in them; he is not, however, discouraged or mortified with it: Why? Because God has been graciously pleased to supply his little Share of Capacity by a very large Share of Pride: Within a very little of being the last in the List of Poets, he is happy in being mad enough

enough to think himself almost worthy of the first Rank, at least, equal to those who are reckon'd to be in the second or third.

MEN have the Weakness to assent to Conjectures which please them; by this means they entertain themselves with Chimeras, and feed their Vanity. This is their own Fault entirely, it ought not to be laid upon God, who does not make Men Fools to prevent their being discontented. Let them become wise; this happy Change will procure them Satisfaction. But the Fatalist will say, It is of Importance to the Universe, that they should persist in their Folly.

LET us *confess* this Truth,

----- *Tho' Man's a Fool, yet GOD IS WISE.*

This Truth is incontestable. It is impossible that the Folly of Men should, in reality, cast the least Blemish upon the Wisdom of God. But should we not be afraid of obscuring, of perplexing, and even destroying the Idea which we ought to form to ourselves of this all-adorable

Wisdom, by ascribing to it, as one of its Effects, the Folly of Men, and that Pride which intoxicates and accompanies them all their Life as a *common Friend*?



REFLEC-



REFLECTIONS

ON THE

THIRD EPISTLE

OF

Mr POPE's ESSAY on MAN.

THE Ancients gave their Poets the Name of *Vates*, that is to say, *Prophets*. Their warm Imagination expressed itself in so lively and pompous a Manner, they spoke in so exalted a Strain, that they seem'd to have a Commission of instructing Mankind from some invisible and superior Power. I confess, Sir, that I perceive in this Work of Mr *Pope's* the Marks of those Imaginations which Father *Malebranche* calls *contagious*. I find myself attracted, I know not how, to read him with Pleasure, and even Respect. Prepared by the Effect of his Poetic Prose, when he

138 EXAMINATION of

begins his third Epistle with calling me *bounded Man* ! * I humbly submit myself to my Master, and prepare myself to receive his Lessons with Respect. But an inveterate Habit that calls me back to examine, prompts me to ask him ; You who demand my Attention by these Imperious Expressions, *Learn bounded Man*, do you perceive that your Mind has carried itself beyond the Bounds prescribed to the Mind of others ? I would have it so, for I seek to be instructed. I attend to you then. Verse 1.

----- *The Universal Cause*

Acts to one End, -----.

*Let this great Truth be present Night and Day ;
But most be present, if we preach, or pray.*

Here is a great deal of Knowledge, and that of the most sublime Sort. Mr *Pope* gives us more than he had made us hope for, Ep. I. v. 21.

*Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

BUT

* *Apprens, Homme borné, que le maitre du monde.*

Resnel's French Translation.

BUT here he ascends to the *universal Cause* of innumerable Worlds, he is acquainted with the *only End* to which it acts; but I do not find that he has either explained or proved this one End: He only assures us, in an imperious Strain, that there is nothing more necessary than to employ our Thoughts always about it. V. 5.

WITH a View of entering into his Thought, in order to learn the better how to *pray*, I at first Sight perceive, that if I look upon the Universe, as a Collection of Springs, so connected from the Beginning, and so exactly proportioned, that their Play can never be interrupted or diverted, the *universal Cause* has nothing to do but to contemplate the Execution of that Play which it ordained, and which inevitably continues in its Execution. In this Case, both Sermons and Prayers are useless. “What have I
“to ask for? All that *can* happen in the
“present Universe *will* inevitably hap-
“pen. Shall I confine myself to Thankf-
“giving? That would be Ignorance and
“Pride: It is not for me that this great
“Ma-

“ Machine was made; ’tis no more for
 “ me than Animals, and other Uses un-
 “ known to me, that this Earth where
 “ I see myself was placed in that Por-
 “ tion of infinite Space where it now is.
 “ The divine Nature was, by its own
 “ Perfection, inevitably determin’d to do
 “ all that it has done. I could not fail
 “ of being what I am, and as it was im-
 “ possible I should be any thing more,
 “ so it was impossible I should be any
 “ thing less. It implied a Contradiction,
 “ in a necessary and eternal Nature, that
 “ I should be forgot.” These Truths,
 which continually present themselves to
 Preacher and People, will amount only
 to telling them, Cease to preach, and
 cease to pray.

SPINOZA composed a Work in *La-
 tin*, with this Title, *Theologico-Politicus*;
 it was translated into *French*, under the
 Title of *Advice to those good Souls that
 desire to be saved*. I remember that I
 was very young when this Title tempted
 me to buy the Book, and I wearied my-
 self with looking for what was not there.

BUT I do not quit the Design of free-
 ing Mr *Pope*, as much as I can, from
 being

being suspected of Fatalism. I have then Recourse (always with a View of explaining him by himself) to the Idea that he gives me of God, Ep. I. v. 259.

*All are but Parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul.*

HE is in the right to call this a *stupendous* Whole, nothing is a greater Paradox, or more incredible, if this Description is to be taken literally; for as God

*----- refreshes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,*

it should be added too, That he blasphemes in the Prophane, cheats in the Knave, utters Horrors from the Tribunals of the Inquisition, and does Execution upon the miserable suspected Persons. This cannot be Mr *Pope's* Meaning. I see very well what I must reject, but it is not so clear to me what must be retain'd. If Nature is the Body of which God is the Soul, I am then a small Part of his Body, and what need have I to solicit him by my Prayers to take care of that which his eternal Nature has inevitably

tably determin'd him to appropriate to himself as his Body?

I DO not, limited Being as I am, exalt myself so highly, and I do not receive for a Principle what I do not understand, and what leads me into Contradictions. With regard to intelligent Beings, such as Men are, it is enough for me to conceive, that God is always willing to be found of those that seek him, to give himself to them, and make them happy; but will abandon those, who neglect and slight him, to the Fate which they deserve, and which they draw upon themselves. The Effects of this constant Will are diversified a thousand Ways, according to the greater or less Care that one Part of Men take in making a good Use of their Liberty, and the greater or less Excess with which others abuse it.

IN the fifth Verse, &c. Mr *Pope* displays his Poetic Eloquence in tracing us an Idea of the *Newtonian* System, with regard to Attraction. He here finds his *Chains* again, to which I do not apprehend that intelligent Natures are subjected; and the *Newtonians* are very far from thinking that the Attraction

tion of a Straw by a Stick of Sealing-wax is connected with the mutual Attractions of the Planets and the Sun; they very well see what an Absurdity it would be to suppose that these Attractions should influence one another.

Verse 27 *, He endeavours to reclaim *foolish Man* to Wisdom, by teaching him to put himself more upon a Level with the Brutes than he does. But do not let us mistake: Mr *Pope* has a mind to banter. Poetry is an enchanting Art that metamorphoses Objects just as it pleases. A Poet may make an Encomium upon a Flea, or, if he pleases, a Tyrant; at one Time he describes the Happiness of a Country Life, or the Pleasures of that Simplicity in which the first Men liv'd; at another, he sets the Magnificence and Charms of the Town, where Luxury and Sensuality reign, in opposition to the Labour and slender Pleasures of the rude Simplicity of the Country, let it be celebrated never so much. There is no Scruple in these

Poems

* *Has God, thou Fool, work'd solely for thy Good?*

Poems of making use of Turns of Wit and Exaggerations.

All serves, and is served; but 'tis in a very different Sense. It never enter'd into the Head of Brutes to take Care of Men, in order to make them subservient for their Use. Whereas Man provides for the Brutes, not for their Sakes but his own. If the Birds are the better for some Grains of Wheat remaining on the Surface of the Earth, and which wou'd have been of no Service there to the Crop, the Husbandman whom these Birds delight with their Singing, amuse with their Flight, and feed with their Flesh, is not displeased at it, since he acquires both Pleasure and Advantage from it.

If Men either cou'd not, or wou'd not deprive Animals of Life, they wou'd multiply in such great Quantities that they wou'd starve one another, and moreover rob Men of their Food. Men think then that they have a Right to hasten the Death of a Creature which, without them, wou'd infallibly die, and, perhaps, in a short time. Now it does not appear that Animals have any Apprehension of this Accident

dent to disturb the Quiet of their Lives, and the Pleasures which they receive from it ; whereas Men are solicited, and even under a Necessity to take Care for their Preservation, by a natural Affection, which attaches them to Life, and by a Repugnance equally natural to any thing that may tend to shorten it.

THERE are Countries of a moderate Extent, where in one Year are killed thousands of Deer and Boars, and yet the Peasants suffer greatly from the Damage that they do. If these Animals were to multiply without being meddled with, in a few Years People wou'd be obliged to abandon the Cultivation of the Earth. The Inhabitants of the Isle of *Chios* were formerly obliged to destroy all the Partridges, and whenever a Flight of these Birds arrived there, they fell upon them as they wou'd have done upon Pirates.

*To each unthinking Being Heav'n a Friend
Gives not the useless Knowledge of its End:
To Man imparts it ; but with such a View
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too.*

He is mistaken here. All Men do not al-
ways

ways think justly, and consequently on many important or indifferent Occasions they contradict themselves. This is entirely their own Fault, and not at all an Impression of God. Man out of Impatience sometimes wishes for Death; but, for the most part, were it to approach, we shou'd find him like the *Man in the Fable*, who had not enough consider'd what he said.

The Hour conceal'd and so remote the Fear, v. 80

Death still draws nearer never seeming near.

Great standing Miracle! -----

There does not seem to me to be any Grounds for this Exclamation. The Assistance of Heaven is not at all necessary here. Man is a free and active Being; when he pleases he fixes his Thoughts upon an Object, and when he pleases he turns them from it: There are but very few Instances, in which he has not this Power. The Idea of Death makes him uneasy, he turns his Thoughts from it, and gives them up to the Present, that strikes and amuses him. If he was wiser, he wou'd not form wrong Notions to himself; he wou'd look upon things as they really are.

are. Life is a Journey that the Goodness of God gives us to make agreeably. He surrounds us with his Favours, to invite us to give him Thanks, and be grateful. And indeed the Effect of our Happiness is from time to time interrupted, in order that we shou'd turn our Wishes and Steps to a better, which we ought to esteem our Country. A Person who lives thus, loves his Life, as the Gift of a God, who is now invisible to us; and does not fear Death, which will transport us to the Knowledge of him.

I confess that the generality of Mankind behave themselves quite otherwise. They avoid the Thoughts of Death by Inattention and Diversions; they drive this Subject out of their Mind, and some have recourse to Debauchery, and seek in Wine a Remedy against the troublesome Emotions that this Idea gives them; but I do not see any Reason in all this for exclaiming,

*Great standing Miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking Thing this Turn of Mind.*

This is no *Miracle*, for how can Beings
O 2 which

which do *not* think, be capable of this Turn of Mind?

I am very far from envying Mr *Pope* the Honour that his Verses have acquired him; but there is an ancient Poet, whose Sentiments he must permit to prefer to his. He begged God to give him Grace to make so just a Computation of his Days, as might make his Heart the wiser, and his Behaviour the better.

IN the following Verses Mr *Pope* compares the Instinct of Brutes with the Reason of Man: I will endeavour to render these Ideas more simple. Man was made capable of conducting himself by Reason. It is his Duty to make a good Use of this; but he is not necessarily compelled to it. It is a Merit in him to chuse wisely, and persevere in a just Choice.

REASON was not given for a Guide to Brutes. That which in them supplies the Want of Reason, is called *Instinct*. This Instinct is not subject to deviate like Reason, for, if it was, by what means cou'd it be restor'd? The Beasts then are govern'd by constant Laws. Their Ideas, or the Sensations which supply the Place of Ideas in them,
lead

lead them to but a small Number of Objects, and Actions of but few kinds. They are confin'd to these, for they are not capable of making a different Choice, they have only these few Ideas and Sensations. The Cells, the Matter that composes them, and the Manner of getting it, are present to a Bee, and it cannot imploy itself about any other Thing. But in Man, one Idea drives out another; hence Distractions of Thoughts, Levity, and Interruption in acting. Reason may supply these Defects, and fix him to his proper Duty; 'tis his Fault if he does not make this Use of it, and his Merit if he does.

HOWEVER, Instinct is not always so sure in Animals, as Mr *Pope* seems to insinuate. There are some sorts of Food, that are pleasant to them, which taken in too great Quantities cause their Death. There is a kind of Hay very nourishing and good for Horses, but destroys them if given too largely. Mr *De Reaumur* tells of a Butterfly, who made its last Meal on a little bit of Sugar, because it sucked it too greedily.

Now, in the *Leibnitzian* System, nothing

is more superfluous than an Instinct in Beasts join'd to the Corporeal Machine, which is compos'd in such a Make, and so connected to all the Parts of the Universe, that nothing happens to it but what is inevitable, by virtue of this Construction, and of its infallible Relation to all the rest.

In ver. 154, &c. Mr *Pope* gives us a Poetical Description of the Golden Age. He had a Mind to out-do all the Poets, who had ever treated this Subject; he has succeeded in it, and his Imagination has gone a great deal further than theirs.

*Man walk'd with Beast joint Tenant of the Shade,
The same his Table, and the same his Bed;*

* * * * *

*In the same Temple, the resounding Wood,
All Vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God.*

Poetry must have great Charms to make such bold Fictions as these be read with Pleasure. There are Persons who take a Pride in being incredulous when they are told, that the Empire of Man, in his State of Innocence, extended to those Species of Animals, which are now so fierce
and

and untameable. And I much doubt whether Mr *Pope's* Verses will have the Power to influence their Belief in this Respect: They find too much Pleasure in objecting.

ACCORDING to Mr *Pope's* Supposition, the first Worship was without Sacrifices ; yet the most ancient of all Histories, as well as those which follow'd it, teach us the contrary. God, to keep up the Memory of the Fall, and what it deserved, in order to make way for a greater Admiration of his Mercy, a more lively Gratitude, and a more attentive Application to Obedience, thought fit that Men shou'd in slain Animals offer him a Confession of what they deserved. But when *JESUS CHRIST*, by his perfect Submission to the Will of God, obtain'd a full Reconciliation for those who shou'd adhere to him, the divine Worship was freed from those Traces of Reproach, and Characters of Indignation.

Mr *Pope*, always careful to prevent any Thing which may degenerate into Pride, and in order to bring Man upon a Level with that which he despises as a Brute, endeavours to make him understand that
his

his Reason receiv'd its first Instructions from their Instinct.

: *To copy Instinct then was Reason's Part,* says he. In order to make us the more docile in receiving this Paradox, he makes Nature itself speak in his Verses. And what is Nature according to him? It is the Body of the Supreme Being, the Universal Cause. Man attentive to this Voice of Nature, obeys its Instructions, and in endeavouring to copy them as he can invents all Arts. It was, however, a long Time since the Building of Palaces, and the Ornaments of their Furniture, that Men have invented Glass Hives in order to take a more exact Survey of the Skill of Bees. It is but a little while ago that they have been instructed with that of Wasps, and that the *Europeans* have been acquainted with the Mechanics of Castors. 'Tis but very lately that they have found out the Artifice of Insects to cloath, nourish, and transform themselves.

WERE not the Caverns interspers'd in the Mountains, and the Trees of the Forests, by the spreading of their Branches, more proper to furnish Men with the

No-

Notions of Habitations, and the Means of sheltering themselves, than the Holes of the Ant, or the Spider's Web? Is it not strange that a little Fish, which few People are acquainted with, and of which many doubt the very Existence, shou'd have taught Men the Art of conveying themselves on the Water, known however, and practised by all Nations, and carried at length, by the sublime Calculations of Reason, to a Degree, which we cannot help admiring, any more than the Perfection of Architecture, which shews the Skill of Men the Scholars to be infinitely superior to that of the Beasts their Masters.

MR *Pope* (verse 234) takes it for granted that Man

To Virtue in the Paths of Pleasure trod.

I grant him this Supposition, there is nothing impossible in it, and even *now* we may, and ought to do the same, after we have purified the Expression of *Pleasure*.

WHEN he adds

Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then,

I do not think that he expresses himself accurately enough, and, perhaps, a too
scru-

* Learn of the little Nautilus to sail. *verse* 179.

scrupulous Exactness wou'd have render'd his Poetry languid: But he will not be displeased if my Prose explains his Sense. This is a Right that Commentators have always allowed themselves in upon Poets. *Faith* is an Assent to certain Instructions: Thus the Knowledge of Duties is previous to the Assent that disposes us to submit to them. The Duties are extremely amiable, as well as he who prescribes them; the Knowledge of these then produces Love, and Love, Obedience.

For Nature knew no Right divine in Men.

I know not what this means. Is having a Right upon Man repugnant to the Nature of God, to the universal Nature of the Almighty, or the particular Nature of Man?

No Ill cou'd fear in God-----

Who? It must be Nature. This shou'd signify that Man cou'd not naturally fear any Ill from God. I agree to this, if he behaves *well*, but if *ill*, I conceive that he wou'd have all the Reason in the World to fear.

----- And understood

A Sovereign Being but a Sovereign Good.

Who

Who is this that understood thus? It is not the universal Nature, the Machine of the World; it is then the particular Nature of Man, and this shou'd signify, that it is against the Nature of Man to believe it is possible for a sovereign Being not to be sovereignly good.

THESE Words need an Explication. Not one of the Divine Perfections is bounded, we should not suffer ourselves to attribute any thing, whose Degree is finite, to the Divine Essence. Infinite Power, infinite Knowledge, infinite Justice, or Love of Order, infinite Mercy; the Idea of one of these Perfections is not the Idea of another, but they all perfectly agree in God.

HE is infinitely good to have created Man, since neither he, nor any other Creature, can increase the Happiness of God, who is essentially self-sufficient: He is infinitely good, in having created Men capable of loving and obeying him, by Choice. He is infinitely good, in being willing to enter into Treaty with Men, and in being pleased to be loved and obeyed. Infinitely good in being willing
greatly

greatly to reward an Obedience so justly due, and to reward it in a Manner which, instead of being simply proportion'd to the Nature of Man, is proportion'd to the Greatness of God his Master. He is infinitely good, in being willing to reward the Gift which Man makes him of his Heart, by the Gift of himself: Infinitely good, in making Allowances for our Weakness and Imperfections, in what he requires from us: Infinitely merciful, in being willing to pardon our Errors, when we sincerely return to him: Infinitely merciful, in being willing to assist us in the Accomplishment of this Return. God is infinitely good to us, in not having created Mankind with a Permission to behave as they should think proper, to be Lyars, Cheats, Robbers, Assassins, Perjur'd, Blasphemers, Traitors, Poisoners, Murderers, &c. without being under any Apprehension of giving an Account to their great Master, or dreading any Ill that might be inflicted on them by him. Those Men who would take the Side of Virtue, must suffer too much from these Disorders, since an Assurance of Impunity would
would

would leave no Bounds to Licentiousness. Goodness then is no less opposite to this excessive Indulgence, than the Love of Order and Regularity, so worthy of God, is. The more God is a sovereign Master, the more fit is it that his Laws should not be violated with a total Impunity.

INDEED if our Bodies are nothing but Machines whose Springs follow the Movements of exterior Agents, as we see upon the Theatre, and if the Thinking Substances that accompany them are inevitably determin'd to all the Sentiments and Volitions that arise in them, their Punishment would be no less contrary to Justice than Goodness. But this is an Argument that overthrows this ridiculous System which affirms that God, from the Beginning of the World, is not, and to all Eternity shall not be, any thing but a Spectator of corporeal and intelligent Machines, and of the Illusions of these Machines, in proportion as they shall feel themselves active.

THE infinite and infinitely adorable Art of the great Artificer would terminate in giving these Illusions the Appearances of

P

Truth,

Truth, from one Degree to another more deceitful.

A Music-Master is called to teach a young Man to sing: The Machine of this Master raises Motions in the Air that strike the Ears of his Scholar, and these Impressions set those Springs a playing, from which arise the Impressions upon the Air. The Machines of the Master and Scholar do not at all perceive any of these Motions, they have no sort of Idea or Sensation of them: The Thinking Substance of the Scholar is unattentive, the Ear of the Master is not struck as it ought to be, and these Impressions, of which it has no Idea, wind its Springs up to a Strain of Chiding: This Rebuke is not perceived by the corporeal Machine of the Scholar: The Idea of being chid, which arises in the Soul of the Scholar (without being at all the Effect of this Impression) determines him to a Willingness of Attention; this Attention does not act on the corporeal Machine, but, at the proper Time, the Springs of this corporeal Machine are wound up to make a Vibration upon the Air different from what
they

they at first did; and Sensations of more agreeable Sounds arise in the Soul of the Master, which are not at all the Effects of these Variations; the Inattention is follow'd by discordant Sounds; the Return of Thought is follow'd by harmonious ones. Did Common Sense ever give more express Signs of *true Causes, and real Effects*? Upon what other Principle do the Naturalists build? That these two Machines are like two Clocks, always in Harmony, because they are made by the same Master; but that the Motions of the one have no sort of Influence upon the Motions of the other. What Infatuation is this in the Author! What Servitude in one Part of his Disciples, and what Madness in the other, to adopt every Thing that tends to deliver them from the Yoke of Rules, and the Fear of violating them.

MR *Pope* enlarges very little upon the Birth of Religion: According to him, it at first consisted in a Worship which Men, in common with the Brutes, paid to God. He is silent upon the happy Progress that it made; for in every thing else Animals

did not go beyond their first Instinct, while Men have carried so far all that an Observation upon the Instinct of Animals furnish'd their Minds with an Idea of.

H E thinks fit to be more copious upon the Birth and Progress of Superstition. (Verse 242) With this Tyranny arose, with this fortified itself.

*She, midst the Lightning's Blaze, and Thunder's
Sound,*

*When rock'd the Mountain, and when groan'd the
Ground,*

*She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.*

I ALLOW that Men may abuse every thing, and that the Ministers of the Altar have been but too fond of Dominion. But 'tis possible to abuse those Truths which ought to have a right Use made of them; and since the Earth is peopled by sinful Men, it was agreeable to the Wisdom, and even the Goodness of God, to warn them from time to time by terrible Events, that they had a Master to
fear,

Mr P O P E's Essay on Man. 161
fear, if they refused to love and obey him.

MR *Pope*, in the rest of this Epistle, goes on to the Establishment of Societies and Laws. 'Tis a long time since People have continued to find Fault, sometimes with the Imperfection of Laws, and sometimes with their Severity, and still oftner with the Conduct of those who are trusted with the Execution of them.

IF a Father, inhabiting an Island separated from all Communication, should see his Descendants multiply, till they became a great People in this Island, which we will suppose to be pretty extensive and fertile, I conceive that it would be easy for him to make them accept such Laws as would lay their Posterity under an Obligation of living as Brothers: But when the Point is to reduce a great Number of indocile and savage Men under the Government of Laws, the more Wisdom and Zeal their Legislator might have, the less ought he to require of them, for fear of being entirely rejected. He might express himself happily enough to make

P 3

them

them understand that it is for their mutual Interest to unite, and submit themselves to Laws. Every one of them would be sensibly affected with regard to his own Interest, but if they shou'd be requir'd to sacrifice this to the Interest of the Publick, they would not comply with it. Hence Men of superior Understandings have seen the Necessity of allowing a good deal to *particular* Interests. Hence it is that there are some very great, amiable, and venerable Degrees of Virtue, which Laws are quite silent upon: The Rudeness of the Common People would have made them think these Laws too burthensome.

If I should grant Mr *Pope* that the *best administer'd Government*, (v. 306) be it of what Nature it will, *is* always the *best*, and from thence should suffer him to conclude, that an Authority entirely despotic, in the Hands of a King who loved his People as his Children, would make them happier than they would be under a Government in which the sovereign Power would be more moderate and divided, if those who partook of it abused their Authority:

thority: Tho', I say, all this should be granted, this however must be agreed, that the *best* Government is such a one in which those who have the Command of others have it the shorter Time in their Power to abuse their Authority.

*For Modes of Faith let graceless Zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose Life is in the right;
All must be false that thwart this one great End,
And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend.*

THE Point is not to know, under which of two Governments, the one administer'd well, and the other ill, the People would be the best; for this has never been disputed. But the Question is, Whether that Government, of the two, ought not to be preferr'd, in which those who have the leading Hands can the least abuse their Authority, and in which it is the most easy to bring them back to their Duty, whenever they deviate from it.

So, with regard to Religion, it will be ask'd, Whether we do not make ourselves culpable, when we refuse to support and perfect the Light of Reason, by that of a Revelation, whenever they we honour'd

nour'd with one, and can assure themselves, by good Proofs, of its Truth.

A N O T H E R Question, of the utmost Importance to be well decided, is, To know which of two Systems must have the greatest Influence upon the Reformation of Manners, the Advantage of Society, and by that means the most worthy of the Wisdom and Goodness of God. In one we believe and lay down as a Principle, without any Ambiguity, That Men are really endow'd with Liberty, capable of Choice, and by that means in a Condition of obtaining Rewards of their Equity, or worthy of being punish'd, when they make a wrong Choice, and especially when they persist in it.

T H O S E who maintain the contrary System, suppose every thing that happens, whether it be an Action of Virtue or Vice, comes to pass by the Effect of that Construction which a first and universal Cause gave to all the Parts of the Universe; in which all is connected, all link'd, all the Consequence of a first Impulse impressed; without our having the Power either to stop, suspend, or in any manner

ner regulate so much as one of these Consequences, which are all inevitably executed.

THE Word * *Contest* is a disagreeable Expression; with the *Latins* it was sometimes synonymous with that of *Conference*. We may with Advantage *confer* upon Matters of Religion; and it would be too great a Presumption to refuse these peaceable Conferences. That which a pre-possess'd Person delivers as a Doctrine may be true, tho' superfluous, and then we must confine ourselves to remonstrate, that it does not belong to Men to impose the Belief of a Thing upon others, as necessary to Salvation, which in reality is not so.

THE Observance of Precepts that sanctify us, and tend to renew the Image of God in us, contribute without dispute, and by that very means, to the Happiness of Mankind; but there are Doctrines too, which, tho' they do not immediately tend to this, it would be very wrong to neglect,

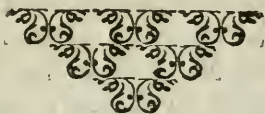
* *For Forms of Government let Fools contest,
Whate'er is best administer'd, is best.* v. 306.

neglect, because they are very true and venerable, and of great Assistance to lead us to Obedience ; and of this Sort are the Proofs and Supports that Revelation gives to our Faith and Hopes.

I HAVE here another Proof that Mr *Pope* was not a *Leibnitzian*. For whatever disposes us at the Sight of the most vicious, as well as the most virtuous Events, to say *That is, therefore it is right*: Whatever tends to persuade us that it is ridiculous to reproach ourselves, and find fault with the Behaviour of others; every Notion, I say, of this Sort is evidently contrary to the Reformation of Manners, and consequently false.

OF what Service would this useful Poet, *this Follower of God*, who skilfully brings Men under the Government of Laws that would make Society happy, be in the *Leibnitzian* System? None. He would have the Appearance of teaching, and being obey'd; but his Discourses, the Results of the Springs of his Machine, would appear to make Impressions upon the Souls of his Auditors, of which they were in no
Degree

Degree the Cause. The Minds that would accompany the Bodies of these Machines in a Posture of Attention, would find themselves filled with the same Ideas, by the Impressions of an innumerable Series of Causes, which would have acted at the proper Time, to execute this Appearance of Instruction and Assent.



R E:

REFLECTIONS
ON THE
FOURTH EPISTLE
OF

Mr POPE's ESSAY on MAN.

THE Poet begins with making the Soul of Man sigh for **Happiness*; he afterwards, in Expressions no less pompous and figurative, represents his Inquietudes to find *it*; Inquietudes which are the Effect of his Ignorance.

EVERY one feels what the Expressions of *Happiness* and *Content* mean, and no one needs to have it explain'd to him what his Desires are when he wishes for Happiness in general. But in order to become happy 'tis not sufficient to say *I desire to be so*. The Creator has not put the Condition of Men so immediately

* O *Happiness!* our Being's End and Aim! v. 1.

ately in their own Power. It is necessary for them to lay hold on Objects capable of giving them Content, it is necessary that they should be acquainted with these Objects, and shou'd know by what way they may be approached, and finally attain'd.

BUT who will teach us this Way?

Ask of the Learn'd, ---- The Learn'd are blind.

Ver. 33.

The Expression is strong; but 'tis Poetical, for why shou'd they be blinder than others? We might borrow Mr *Pope's* Language, and say to an ignorant Person, ' *Presumptuous Man*, darest thou flatter thy self, that thou knowest more of it than those who have spent their Life in Study?

BUT the *Learned* do not agree: Be it so. However it is but Equity to hear before we condemn them. Perhaps we may discover which of them thinks the rightest, and what they do agree in may be of use. It is very probable that Mr *Pope* deriv'd the pompous Discourse, which he afterwards makes upon the Advantages of Vir-

Q

tue,

tue, from the Doctrines of the Stoics. But is it not the shortest as well as surest Way to

Take Nature's Road, and mad Opinion's leave ?

This is not altogether so easy as Mr *Pope* insinuates. Several Masters are represented under the Name of *Nature*: The first of these is the *Senses*. Children are acquainted with the Voice of these alone, and the greatest part of those, who are born in a high Station, think of no other Way to derive their Happiness from, but from thence. Shall we restrain this Name to the clear Ideas of the Understanding ? But the Senses neither shou'd, nor can be, totally abandon'd, and as for these clear Ideas, we must be able to surmount a vast Number of Prejudices, in order to produce them, to distinguish them from others, and to follow them.

There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.
verse 30.

Every one flatters himself with these, but the Number of those who are deceiv'd in this Matter is very great.

Equal is Common Sense and Common Ease.

This

Mr POPE's Essay on Man. 171

This is very soon said, but 'tis a difficult Thing to prove it. If it is thus, here is Happiness found.

*Each has his Share, and who would more obtain
Shall find the Pleasure pays not half the Pain. V.45.*

Let every Reader then stop at the Point where he already is, it will be of no use to him to go farther, it wou'd be lost Labour, and he may very well dispense with going on.

Mr. Pope, in order to bring his Reader to this Conclusion, sends him back to the *Universal Cause*; there are but few People that will follow him so high. A few Lines afterwards, every one, according to Mr Pope, has need of the Assistance of others to make him happy.

*Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink. V.43.*

'Tis not then in ourselves, that we are to look for Happiness, but we are reduced to beg it from others.

*Remember, Man ! " the universal Cause
" Acts not by partial, but by general Laws. V.32.*

From hence he draws a Conclusion, which

is a mere sophistical Equivocation. Instead of reading you, on this Occasion, a whole Lecture in *Physics*, two Examples will be sufficient to give you a just Notion of what are called the *General Laws of Nature*.

A PIECE of Land well cultivated and managed, is the properer to make the Seed which is put into it spring up and multiply. A Husbandman is covetous even to Dishonesty; he is of an ill-natur'd Disposition, but of an indefatigable Constitution, he spares neither himself nor his Children. He has a Neighbour, who is a good-natur'd, friendly, and very honest Man: But he is of a weak Constitution, and besides an indulgent Father, and afraid of fatiguing his Family too much. The first always reaps a very plentiful Harvest, the second only a moderate one. This is a Consequence of the general Law. God does not, by a particular Affection, make the Seed spring up and grow in proportion to the Probity of the Person who sowed it.

A COUNTRY Woman of but little Understanding, and apt to be careless, in-
stead

stead of putting her Candle in a Lanthorn, sets it heedlessly upon a Heap of Straw, which gets on Fire and burns the House down. It is a general Law of Nature, that Motion shou'd communicate itself, and that a Spark of Fire fallen on combustible Matter shou'd kindle it, and that the Fire, when it is once kindled, shou'd spread in a rapid Manner. God does not repeal this Law, in order to prevent the Effects of every imprudent Action. But if from hence Mr *Pope* pretends to draw this Conclusion: The universal Cause acts by general Laws, therefore it distributes Happiness to all in general.

*Each has his Share, and who wou'd more obtain;
Shall find the Pleasure pays not half the Pain;*

I say, if this Conclusion be drawn, he plainly falls into a *Sophistical Equivocation*, he changes the Ideas before affixed to the Expression, *General Laws*. The Signification of this Expression does not extend so far. To act by General Laws is not to produce equal Effects: The Examples, I have just cited, prove the contrary. When our Hypotheses go too far, they

174 EXAMINATION of

must be set right by Matters of Fact, and without this we may justly be accused of Obstinacy and Infatuation.

Mr *Pope* (*Epist.* I. Verse 134) had proposed this Objection,

*But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
From burning Suns when livid Deaths descend?*

&c.

* * * * *

No ('tis reply'd) the first almighty Cause

Acts not by partial, but by general Laws.

THE very same Maxim that he commands us, in an imperious Strain, to receive (*Ep.* IV. V. 32.) is the Voice of Pride in this Place. When an Author does not clearly explain his own Meaning, a Reader does not think himself obliged to take the trouble of finding it out. Can Mr *Pope* have fallen into that Fault, which the celebrated *Moliere* has turn'd into ridicule? And can he think that 'tis impossible for any to have good Sense and Judgment but the Persons of his Society, and those who favour his Hypotheses? If he makes an Objection, must it be unanswerable?

But

Mr POPE's Essay on Man. 175.

*But Fortunes Gifts if each alike posselt,
And each were equal, must not all contest? V.61.*

And why so? Every one would have what was necessary, and more? Why then shou'd he disorder his own Quiet, in order to disturb that of others? An Equality of Possessions caused no Disturbance among the *Lacedemonians*. The Use of Divisions, and that Inequality which is the Consequence of them, is established upon other Principles.

*If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content. Ver.63.*

THE Principle proves only that External Blessings are not the only Happiness, and that the Degree of Happiness is not necessarily proportioned to the Degree of these, and that thus we may supply the Defect of them by other Means. Mr *Pope's* Eloquence often perplexes his Sense, and 'tis difficult for us to be certain whether we exactly hit it.

Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose. Ver. 65.

WHAT does he mean by the Word *Fortune*? Is it the first Universal Cause, and
which

176 E X A M I N A T I O N *of*

which he often seems to lay down as the *only* Cause? Or is it some particular Cause, that diverts the Impressions of the universal one? This is one of those Places which 'tis not easy to reconcile.

*But Heav'n's just Balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear.*
Ver. 67..

But I am of Opinion, that these two Means are very far from reducing Things to an Equality, and they who will take the Pains to consider what passes in the World, will find this Antithesis carried too far:

THERE are rich Men, who are easy by an Effect of their Constitution; there are yet more who live without Fear, from the Opinion they have of their own Capacity. On the other hand, we see Persons of a fearful Temper, who dare not flatter themselves that it is possible for them to better their Condition, which is even below a moderate one; and if they by Care and Pains shou'd come to double what they possessed at first, yet how far inferior would they be to that Son of Fortune, who can spend four times as much as those poor
Peo-

People can get, without giving himself the least trouble about it, since what he has yet remaining so far exceeds what he has squander'd away. The Question about the Equality of Happiness cannot be decided by the different Sensations of different Persons. *You seem to me to eat with a good Appetite ; pray explain to me the Quickness of that Sensation it gives you.* He cannot make me understand it, any more than I on my Part can give him an exact Idea of the Quickness of mine. The Question, then can be decided only by Conjecture, and certainly Conjectures will not favour this Supposition of Equality ; what we hear and see every Day is too contrary to it.

A CERTAIN Father, possess'd of great Riches, and very covetous, marries his Son, who is young, and a little prejudic'd himself in favour of Wealth, to a rich Heiress, who is proud, whimsical, contradicting, a Coquet, &c. At the same Time another Father, who is a wise Man, marries a well-educated Son to the Heiress of a moderate Estate, but endued with a well-form'd Understanding, a
com-

complaisant Temper, a good Constitution, and stedfast Virtue. Shall we say that Heaven, which

----- *Breaths thro' every Member of the Whole*
One common Blessing, as one common Soul,

has shed too a common Blessing on these two Marriages? and that, by an Effect of this Blessing, the one is as peaceful as the other?

I confess, Sir, that Happiness must be establish'd and divided amongst Men upon this Footing, if it be supposed that every thing that befalls them, either externally or internally, is a Result of the Construction of the whole Universe, and of a first Impulse impressed on all its Parts by the universal Cause, whose Plans are all executed in an inevitable Manner.

In consequence of this Supposition, it must be said that every thing is passive in Reality, and active only in Appearance. From whence it plainly follows, that no one Man has more Merit than another, as, in like manner, no one is more culpable than another: Their Equality being such, it would not be fit that their Happiness

pinefs should be unequal. But Fact and Truth, which are contrary to this Consequence, should for that Reason make the Principle be abandon'd from whence this Consequence flows.

IF this Principle, and this Consequence, be admitted, a very rich Man will behave himself consequently to the sublime Notions with which he is enlighten'd, when he says to a poor Man, who begs Relief from him, *What is it you want? Son of Earth, insatiable Man, Learn that thou art not less happy than I.*

I HAVE only a few more Remarks, Sir, to communicate to you upon the Remainder of this Work, which you have engag'd me in the Study of: And since we are upon the Subject of Happiness, I will briefly repeat to you what I believe I have formerly entertain'd you with.

THE first Error that Men fall into, with regard to Happiness, consists in their flattering themselves they may attain a perfect one in this Life, or at least expecting a more perfect one than is consistent with our Abode upon Earth. From hence arise their Impatience and Complaints, when,
not-

notwithstanding all their Care, they find themselves still very far from that End to which they aspir'd. 'Tis this Scheme of Happiness that has deceiv'd the Philosophers, Experience never answering what they promis'd us with so much Confidence.

MAN is a Being capable of Knowledge, Action, and Sentiment. The Justness of his Ideas, without doubt, contributes to his Happiness. Born for Truth, he finds the Knowledge of it delightful in itself, but the Happiness which it procures him is imperfect as well as its Cause: This Happiness is capable of being increased, and merits our Thanksgivings: Its being bounded ought not to make Men impatient, and lose Courage, since they are Travellers, and expect to be fully enlightened when they shall have reach'd their Country.

To be fond of living conformably to right Notions, or, in other words, to be pleased with doing our Duty, ought to give, and in reality does give us a still greater Satisfaction: This Satisfaction too increases by Degrees, just as our Virtue
does

does: This Increase gives us Repose, without making us quit our Endeavours, and every Advance excites us to make still new ones.

BUT however extensive, lively, and firm our Knowledge and Virtues may be, they do not exempt us from being sensible not only of Pain, but mere Uneasinesses, and divers Accidents. It is in vain that Philosophers, out of a Zeal for Truth and Virtue, have display'd all their Art and Eloquence to persuade us that nothing but Error and Vice deserve the Name of Evil. In Matters of Reasoning, it is not allow'd to deny Facts, in order to support an Hypothesis, which ought, on the contrary, to serve for an Explanation of them. It is my Duty to have a sincere Love for Mankind, and to have the same Concern for them as for myself: How is it possible then for me to see them suffer, and content myself with telling them, that this is nothing? How can I see those to whom I am engaged by a tender Friendship snatched away from me by Death, and content myself with saying, upon such a Loss, I do not suffer at

all by this, since it does not make me the worse Man. In a word, since Vice is really an Evil, how is it possible to see Men guilty of it, without being concerned?

V I R T U E shines in its utmost Splendor, and shews itself to be real and well grounded, when it gives us the Strength to renounce certain Pleasures, and support certain Afflictions, rather than to deviate from our Duty in acquiring these Pleasures, and securing ourselves from these Afflictions by wrong Compliances. But of what Value would all these Sacrifices be, if what we renounce, or what we resolve to bear, did not deserve the Name either of Good or Ill, and contributed nothing to make us either happy or miserable?

M R *Pope* does not forsake these Notions, when he makes, *Verse 77,*

*Reason's whole Pleasures, all the Joys of Sense,
Lie in three Words, Health, Peace, and Com-
petence.*

He adds,

But

*But Health consists with Temperance alone,
And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.*

As to what are called the Gifts of Fortune,

*The Good or Bad the Gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.*

EXPERIENCE teaches, that Health is, at least, as often the Effect of a good Constitution, as of an exact Moderation in Eating and Drinking. So that this Motive ought not to be the only one that determines us to Temperance.

THAT inward Peace which is the Fruit of Virtue, is of a quite different Nature from the Security and Indolence of a Man, who looks upon all Events with the same Eye, who sets himself above the Censures of the World, who will always be pleas'd with himself, and does not care upon what Grounds it be: Thoroughly resolv'd not to fatigue himself by making any Efforts, but tranquilly give himself up to his Fate, without disturbing himself with Examinations of his Conduct, or disquieting himself with Reproaches: Who gives this Security the Name of Faith, and the glori-

ous Encomium of *Universal Charity* to the Whim of calling every Thing, that he does or does not see, *right*.

HERE is another Method of freeing Mr *Pope* from the Suspicion of *Fatalism*. He acknowledges that there are wicked Men, and that their Wickedness is punished by a Diminution of Pleasure.

WHEN he adds, *Verse 95,*

*But Fools the Good alone unhappy call,
For Ills or Accidents that chance to All;*

these Expressions must be understood with some Restrictions: A good Man does not become absolutely unhappy by Adversity, he has some Hopes of Happiness still left, and tho' afflicted, yet supports himself with Constancy.

WHEN we read, *Verse, 97, &c.*

*See FALKLAND dies, the Virtuous and the Just!
See godlike TURENNE prostrate on the Dust!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial Strife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?*

this Antithesis is subtle, but not satisfactory, for there are certain Cases where Duty bids us expose our Lives for the
Sake

Mr POPE's Essay on Man. 185

Sake of our Country, and its lawful
Governors.

I AM at a Loss to satisfy myself upon
the Sense that ought to be given to
the several Periods, which follow. *Verse*
107, &c.

What makes all Physical or Moral Ill?

There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.

Physical and Moral Ill: Here he seems
to enter again into the ordinary Stile.
Here wanders Will: This too is another
Thing that confirms this System, and
when Mr Pope speaks of the Deviations
of Nature, he seems more clearly to abandon
the System of Fatality; for in this
System, where every thing inevitably follows
the first Impulse, there can be no
Deviation. *God sends not Ill:* Verse 3.
This is directly contrary to the System in
which all the Ill, as well as the Good,
arises from the Universal Cause.

I do not agree with him though that
God sends no Ill, nor ever punishes Diso-
bedience, if it were but to correct it.

----- 'Tis Nature lets it fall,

Or Change admits; and Man improves it all.

I do not understand this. Does Nature let it fall? Does Change admit it, without being directed by any Providence? *Verse*
115,

*We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous Son is ill at ease,
When his lewd Father gave the dire Disease.*

Mr *Pope* does not seem to put Distinction enough between two Cases which are extremely opposite. The Ills of the virtuous Son are not at all voluntary, with regard to him, neither was it by Design that his Father injur'd him: But what *Cain* did was a voluntary Action. However, Man is very far from having a Right to complain of Heaven for this, and demand a Reason of it. God thought fit to make Men free Creatures, and the ill Use which they make of their Liberty is no Reason to him to revoke it; for if he deprived them of it the Moment that he foresaw they might abuse it, this would be the same Thing as if he had not given it to them at all: And the first Steps towards abusing it would them-
selves

felves be an Abuse, as I have explain'd it elsewhere. Now, Man has no sort of Right to complain of what God has thought fit ; this would be attacking his soveraign Liberty ; he is not the Author of Moral Ill, it is Blasphemy to lay this to his Charge ; but in Cases where this Ill happens, those who suffer by it are called to the Duty of Resignation. It is not fit that God should revoke what he has establish'd, whenever one Man might suffer from it. I see a great Talker and an impertinent Fellow coming towards me, I am certain that he will be troublesome ; ought I to desire that God, for my Sake, should destroy for ever, or at least for this Time, the Liberty of this Babler ? And Mr *Pope* was in the right to say, *Verse 119,*

*Think we like some weak Prince th' Eternal Cause,
Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his Laws ?*

THIS Period, however, must not be absolutely taken. The Duty of Prayer, which God allows us, and which he is so gracious as even to order us, proves that there are Cases in which he is willing
to

to act by particular Inclinations, but it is always necessary to pray to him with Sentiments of Resignation.

MR *Pope*, Verse 129, seems to me to advance great Paradoxes. Let us suppose, says he,

A Kingdom of the Just. -----

But first consider how those Just agree;

I boldly answer, Very well, for that very Reason that they are just. *But*, adds Mr *Pope*, Verse 132,

----- Who but God can tell us who they are?

This is leaving the Question proposed, and making one quite different. He supposes a Kingdom of the Just; God then knows them to be such, because they are so. If you ask me, But do they themselves certainly know that they all are so? The Answer is very easy, because for that very Reason that they are just, one does not suspect another not to be so, and acts, for his own part, as a just Man.

But, continues Mr *Pope*, v. 135,

*One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell,
Another deems him Instrument of Hell.*

We

Mr POPE's Essay on Man. 189

We are still very far from the Supposition he has so hastily quitted; he made us hope that he would give us the Picture of a Kingdom of the Just; he could easily do it, for he knows how to paint whatever he pleases: But, instead of this, he transports us to a Kingdom of Parties, Intolerants, and Inquisitors.

Nor with one System can they all be blest'd,

says he, (Verse 140.) And why not? if they would all be reasonable. *If, on the other side, every one had his own, it would be all Dispute.* I own it, in case that the Society, where different Systems arise, be filled with factious, passionate and uncharitable Men, who cannot, because they *will* not, converse peaceably, or suffer any Sort of Contradiction.

*The very best [System] will variously incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.*

Whatever IS, is RIGHT. ----- Verse 143.

Here I do not understand Mr Pope, and he again escapes me when I thought I had reach'd his Meaning; he seems to return to his System, or at least to that
which

which he is accused of. Though the Titles of the first, third and fourth Epistles are different, the System returns, and seems to make the principal Part of them. This, from time to time, gives me Difficulty, but, in the end, will furnish me with Means to justify him. Ver. 147.

*‘ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.’
What then ? is the Reward of Virtue, Bread ?*

This too is not answering the Difficulty, nor removing the Cause of Astonishment ; ’tis rather answering like a Stoic, whose Errors Mr *Pope* had before condemn’d, in these Expressions, *Ep. II. v. 91.*

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast.

Has Mr *Pope* alter’d this Opinion ? And does he pretend, with the Stoic, that Virtue is self-sufficient, that it is even its own Reward, and that the Virtuous are happy when starving ?

THE Solution of this Difficulty is not easy : In the *Leibnitzian* System, where God is represented as the Author of every Thing, as well of the good Man’s Virtue, who languishes in Want, as of the
rich

rich Man's Inhumanity, who exults in Abundance. In order to maintain the System, shall we say, that as the universal Cause,

Who sees with equal Eye, -----

A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall, Ep. I. v. 83.

sees too, with the same Eye, the Pride and Inflexibility of one who lives in Affluence, and the Virtue of the other who dies in Want and Misery ?

'TIS evading the Question to say, (V. 149.) *That Bread is the Price of Toil*, for Toil too is the Effect of Virtue, which condemns Laziness.

LET us say then, that often a Man has certain Virtues, and distinguishes himself by them ; but he has not all, he wants Humility, he cannot persuade himself to descend from a Condition that feeds his Vanity. A virtuous Man, on the contrary, whenever his Circumstances require it, will bring himself to work with his Hands, or teach. He will put himself into the Service of a Man who will pay him for his Trouble.

To whatever Condition he is reduced and called by Providence, he is certain
that

that he always is approv'd and lov'd by it, when he fills his Post, and far from being discourag'd, performs the Duties of it with Joy.

MR *Pope* at first made us hope that his Poem was design'd as a Vindication of the Ways of God (*Ep. I. v. 16**.) But he does not give us all he promis'd. This, however, would not have been difficult in the System contrary to that which he seems, to me, to have artfully expos'd the Folly of.

THE Fall of Man is not an Effect produced by God, with a Design to draw from it what we now see in the World. We must lay the Cause of it entirely upon Man, who might have persevered in his Innocence; and upon that *proud* Spirit and Enemy of God, (of which Mr *Pope* speaks, *Ep. I. v. 119, &c.*) which seduced him.

HAPPY Spirits have, from thence, seen an Order of Creatures arise, who serve God in Ignorance and Weakness, and in the Midst of diverse Calamities. In this Condition, however, they still seek

* But vindicate the Ways of God to Man.

seek after God, and are happy when they find him, tho' it be but in the dark. Sundry melancholy Events prove that God has Reason to be offended with Mankind ; but, on the other hand, a constant Succession of Blessings assures us that he will be merciful.

IF Virtue were incessantly rewarded, and Vice always punish'd with the same Exactness, the Observance of our Duty would spring from a Motive merely natural, and the Interest of the Senses would be sufficient to establish us in it:

WHATEVER Good is in us, we receive only from God. The natural Consequence of this Principle is, that we ought to devote ourselves entirely to our Creator, and so to live, to think, to act, only in order to please and obey him. This Devotion is in itself very delightful ; for what is there more glorious and ravishing, than the Assurance that an Almighty Goodness is willing to be pleased with the Gift which we make him of ourselves, and gives us the Power of making this Gift, in order to please itself in rewarding it ?

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IT is from Adversity, and those Events that give Pain to our natural Sense, that the Value of this Devotion arises; when Men, notwithstanding their Imperfection, glorify their Creator in a Manner that forms the Admiration of perfect Intelligences.

THE Miseries of Hunger, in particular, are subservient to the Designs of the great, just, and good Governor, who, by that means, punishes, corrects, and transports the Inhabitants of one Country to another; procures them Deliverances, in which his Hand visibly appears; takes Children out of the Hands of their Parents, who would have made them as wicked as themselves, by a bad Education, which would have hindred them from attaining a happy Immortality.

ALL the following Verses on this Subject I think very excellent, and of an Elegance quite worthy the Pen of their Author. It is not possible to shew the Folly of a Man, who should be in such haste as to require that his Virtue might be rewarded by a great Number of temporal Goods, in a more lively manner than Mr *Pope* has done it. IN

IN this vast, this immense Universe, the Product of the Almighty Power of the Creator, and the Temple of his Glory, I too have the Honour of being his Work, and the Object of his Care. Penetrated and fill'd with Joy at this Thought, I am contented with few Things, and whatever I receive seems no longer little to me, when it derives its Value from the Hand which honours me with it.

Verse 171, Mr *Pope* says, that there are

*Rewards, which either would to Virtue bring
No Joy, or be destructive of the Thing.*

WHEN I read what follows upon the Insufficiency of Riches to make us happy, upon Dignities which give no Honour to the Persons who possess them, unless they make a good Use of them, and behave suitably to the Rank in which they are plac'd: When I read all this, I take Breath, I find myself at Liberty, I have no need of making violent Efforts to follow my Author through the Imensity of Worlds, and I find myself deliver'd from the Danger of confound-

ing my Head, by a Collection of innumerable Springs, connected with one another, some of which produce the Charms of Virtue, and others the Horrors of Vice, but all of them equally necessary to the Preservation of the Universe. One Virtue more, or one Crime less, would be the Effect of a Spring's being broke, or a Link intercepted, and from thence the Disorder would multiply from one Part to another, and the Universe be in Danger of a total Overthrow. Mr *Pope* does me the Favour to lead me to the Contemplation of God upon this Earth, and under this Sun, where he has plac'd me. He gives me leave to form an Idea of myself from what I perceive in myself, of my Ideas which I ought to consult, of my Liberty, which I ought to determine, to follow those Ideas which are clear, and hinder me from chusing precipitately, when this Clearness does not give me Light.

UPON these Principles are founded, both the Truth of Mr *Pope*'s Reflections, the Wisdom of his Advice, and the Justness of his Censures. Destroy these Foundations, and all that we read in the last
Pages

Pages of his Book will amount only to high Expressions, and pompous Periods, but of no sort of Use, apply'd to Machines. This Theory of Principles, and the Morality which is the Consequence of it, put me in mind of a Preacher, who, after he had talk'd himself out of Breath, in proving that we can do nothing, at length takes time to regain it, assumes a new Vigor, and bestirs himself to censure, threaten, and make those fear the most dreadful Punishments, who should neglect to fulfil that which is not in their Power so much as to begin.

Look next on Greatness, say where Greatness lies ?

Ver. 207.

He proves extremely well that Greatness does not lie in what the Vulgar admire of it, any more than in what the most Part of those who think themselves great makes it consist. Mr *Pope* shews how much Deceit and Littleness there are in their Notions, and it seems certain to me, that no reasonable Man would be great at such a Price, for he would have too much to reproach himself with ; but

it does not follow from hence, that all those, who are infatuated with Grandeurs of this Nature, reproach themselves in this Manner with them, and by that means disturb their Pleasure. Vice is not always accompanied by Uneasiness, and is very far from being punish'd in this Life as much as it deserves. There are certain Men, who are pleased with Tumult, and when in Dangers, are in their Element. They are in the wrong, but are far from agreeing that they are so, and their Grandeur will not suffer any one to tell it them. There are certain Persons, who take Delight in Tricking and Confusion.

BRING them to live in Peace and Innocence, at least outwardly; remove from them all Opportunities of deceiving, and raising Confusions; 'tis then that you punish them, and deprive them of all the Happiness they knew any Thing of.

MEN form to themselves Notions of Resolution and Courage according to their Humour, and these Notions are often ridiculous. There was a certain Father, who espied one of his Sons as a Coward, because

cause he would not fight with his Brother, merely to give a Proof of his Courage ; and an elder Brother treated his younger as a Coward, because he was afraid of getting some Mischief in a bad House.

SOCRATES, (*ver.* 226.) was a great Man in his Life, and appears still greater in his Death ; but it had been more agreeable to him to have liv'd, and been listen'd to by his Fellow Citizens, than to see himself condemn'd to die by Poison.

What's Fame ? that fancied Life in others Breath !
Ver. 227.

IT is certain that the Desire of gaining a Name disquiets and disturbs our Repose, in proportion as it is vehement : The Disputes, or rather Quarrels, of one Part of the Learned prove this but too much. A reasonable Man confines his Cares to the Improvement of his Talents, and the rendering them useful to others, when he is advis'd to it, and has Opportunities for it ; he is not troubled about the Success. He loves Truth, and neglects nothing to make it reign in himself, and, if possible

possible in others. He loves all those who assist him in this Design: He admires the Gifts of the Creator in them, and thinks himself oblig'd to them for the Use which they make of those Gifts. If he holds the first, second, tenth, or hundredth Rank among those who endeavour at the same Design, these are Comparisons which he is far from entering into, and it is no Pleasure to him to be entertain'd about them.

*One self-approving Hour whole Years out-weighs
Of stupid Starers, and of loud Huzza's. V.246.*

This is very true, with regard to a reasonable Man; but if the Author pretends that with many People the Joy of seeing themselves applauded by great Numbers, and those too not the most discerning, so far from being superior, is not equal to the Pleasure of a wise Man, he may find himself mistaken. As long as Folly lasts, and as long as there are People to cherish it, its Fits will be much more lively than the Satisfaction of a wise Man. Consider a Company of Debauchees, singing, and giving themselves up to every thing that
serves

serves to inflame their Desires. Perhaps you might not desire to resemble them; but if you prefer a frugal Table, and a peaceable Conversation to their Feasts, it is only because your Duty does not suffer you to taste the more lively Pleasures of Sensuality. If these Pleasures were in reality less, there would not be any Merit in refusing them. *Fabricius* did not prefer his Turnips to the most exquisite Viands of *Pyrrhus's* Table, because he found they had a better Taste, but because he preferr'd his Duty to the Pleasures of his Palate. *Pyrrhus's* Courtiers on the contrary, preferr'd the Pleasure and Honour of eating at his Table much before their Duty, and had not so much as any Notion of the Preference that *Fabricius* made.

THE Preference of the one was much more valuable than that of the other: But to know which of them took the greatest Pleasure in their Choice, is what I cannot decide.

IN order to know too whether

--- more true Joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his Heels, V. 248,

it is necessary to have been both *Cæsar* and *Marcellus* in their Turns, or been able to have look'd into their Souls, and weigh'd the Degrees of their Pleasures. This depends on the Manner in which we look upon Things. One Man is sensible of his Duty, another does not trouble himself about it; one is distrustful of himself, the other fears nothing, and his Pleasures cannot be disturb'd by any Apprehensions. Such was *Cæsar*, and his Tranquillity was one Cause of his Ruin.

In Parts superior what Advantage lies!

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? V.255.

Mr *Pope* learned of *Horace* the Art of praising with so much Address the Lord who honours him with his Friendship.

SUPERIOR Talents may be the Source of a great many Pleasures. First of all they contribute to enlighten us, and the Knowledge of Truth is a Happiness the most conformable to our Nature, and most worthy our Attachment. If great Talents, and a very extensive Genius, make us foresee that we have much to fear, they instruct us no less surely in the Certainty
of

of what we have learnt ; otherwise what would Study signify ? of what Use would it be to make Books ? Does the great Talent, which Mr *Pope* has in making Verses, amount only to teaching him how little he understands of it ? If the Effects of this Talent had been such, it would have signified nothing but to deceive himself, and deprive his Country of the Pleasure of reading his Poetry.

NOTHING is better judg'd than the Remark of Mr *De Reaumur*, (Vol. III. de l'Hif. des Inf.) *Shall we give ourselves up to a total Ignorance, because it is not permitted us to know all, nay, but a very little ? Our Eyes cannot reach the Parts of those great Objects which adorn the Heavens, nor even the Parts of Objects upon Earth, which are at a moderate Distance from us, yet nevertheless we enjoy the Pleasure that our Eyes afford us, in giving us at least a better View of the Bodies which surround us.*

WHEN Mr *Pope* intimates that seeing all others Faults (v.252.) is an Effect of superior Parts, he confounds Abuse with Use, and that which is done with that which ought to be done. It is an ill
Cha-

Character to take Pleasure in exaggerating the Faults of others. A Person of this Disposition either puts a wrong Sense on what he reads, in order to find Fault with it, or if he has the unhappy Talent of writing elegantly, either in Prose or Verse, upon the Faults of others, and of exaggerating them, he sheds the Poison of his ill Nature into the Hearts of those who hear or read him. He teaches them to shut their Eyes upon the Obligations they are under to the rest of Mankind, and to forget the Value of those Favours which God has bestow'd on them. There are some Men in whose Sight all amounts to just nothing. Their Works are read with Pleasure, because they flatter the Malignity and Ingratitude of the human Heart: But their Conversation is troublesome. They are amusing Authors, but disagreeable Neighbours.

IN the next Place, the more our Talents instruct us, and give us a Strength of Mind, the better do they teach us to behave ourselves well.

LASTLY, if we perceive that the Use of these may render us useful to others,
we

we devote them to their Service ; if their Designs be not answer'd with Success, we still enjoy our Talents, together with that Pleasure, which flows from the Remembrance of a generous Zeal, and disinterested Intentions.

IF, during the Life of some one of the Successors of *Augustus*, certain Friends of the ancient Liberty had form'd a Design of re-establishing the Authority of the People and Senate, and that their Talents did not meet with Success, provided they had been punish'd only by a short Exile, the Satisfaction of having had such lawful Intentions and of having ventur'd so bravely would have served them instead of Success.

BUT if, after the Re-establishment of Liberty, some ingenious Man of an enterprising Spirit, crafty, and a Lover of Disturbance and Intrigues, had form'd a Design of retaining the despotic Government, which might seem more agreeable to his own Interest, and that his Project turn'd only to his Confusion ; would this Confusion prove against the Use or Abuse of superior Parts ?

T

WHEN

WHEN Mr *Pope*, in order to prove that even superior Parts contribute but little to our Happiness, gives an Instance in his Hero and Friend, who did not reap an Advantage from his, proportionable to their Extent: This Proof has a very great Defect, for it proves too much. If we admit it as solid, we must make it reach to Virtue itself. The first *Brutus* had an extreme Aversion for Tyranny, and a great Zeal for the Liberty of his Fellow Citizens: These are very valuable Virtues. What Advantage did he gain from them? The Sight of both his Sons expiring under the Rod and Ax, and the Loss of his own Life in the first Battle which was fought in the Cause of Liberty against despotic Power. And the second *Brutus*, as he was dying, complain'd that Virtue, which he had always ador'd, was only a fine Chimera, without any Reality. Those will be disappointed of their Expectation who adhere to Virtue, with a View to the Advantages they may reap from it in this Life. We must go further, if we would give it Resolution. *Bring*

† P. inful Preheminence, &c. V. 257.

*Bring then these Blessings to a strict Account,
Make fair Deductions, see to what they amount, &c.*
Ver. 259.

IT is absolutely necessary for one who would not do either an Historian, or the Persons whose Lives he writes, Injustice, to be thoroughly instructed in the Motives and Circumstances, and, in a Word, in the Reasons of both Sides. 'Tis this which obliges me to Silence upon this Paragraph. I will content myself with a Remark upon the following Words:

*There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false Scale of Happiness compleat !*
Ver. 277.

There is not one of these Blessings, but what may contribute to our Happiness, even Fame itself; for (says Mr Pope V. 41.)

*Who most to skun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or would fix a Friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink.*

BUT the general Error of all who flatter themselves that they shall receive Benefit

nefit from these Advantages, is, that they seek a compleat Happiness in them ; this is one of the first Remarks which I made you on this Subject of Happiness.

*Know then this Truth, enough for Man to know,
Virtue alone is Happiness below. Verse 300.*

It is not possible to paraphrase this Truth with greater Elegance than Mr *Pope* does through all this Period. There is only some Poetical Exaggeration in these two Verses ;

*And where no Wants, no Wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain. V. 316.*

It is certain that the very aspiring to a greater Degree of Virtue is an Effect of Virtue : But we are not arrived to that Degree the Moment we wish for it ; we must take pains to acquire it, and great Efforts are often necessary to surmount the Obstacles which oppose themselves to it. *The Bad must miss* this Happiness, that is very true ; on the contrary, the *Good untaught will find it*, this is saying too much. I must make use of very great Efforts to follow Mr *Pope* in that *Chain*
that

Mr POPE's Essay on Man. 209

that links the immense Design, and to learn,
Verse 327,

----- *From the Union of the rising Whole,*
The first, last Purpose of the human Soul,
----- *Where Faith, Law, Morals all began,*
All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.

'Tis in vain that Mr *Pope* adds, that, as soon as a Person is enter'd into this System

For him alone, Hope leads from Gole to Gole,
And opens still, and opens on his Soul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the Bliss that fills up all the Mind.

Ver. 331, &c.

I confess, Sir, that I find myself incapable of following Mr *Pope* in the Flight that he takes. My Imagination would fain yield to the Pomp of his Words, but my Understanding refuses it, and cannot lay hold on just Ideas to answer those Words. I must confess too that I cannot even believe that Mr *Pope* experienced the extatic Motions that his Poetry describes to us: As far as I can see, they cannot be any Thing but, either the Effect of a dull and servile Imagination, in-

fatuated with a System to which it gives itself up, tho' it does not understand this System; or of a more lively Genius, but a Foe to all Restraint, and delighted with thinking that it would be a Weakness to reflect and disturb itself by Reproaches for its Actions, be they of what Nature they would. I have read in an Author called *Custeler*, in a Book intituled *Essay on the Art of natural and artificial Reasoning, being a Guide to the Principles of universal Knowledge*; I remember to have read in this Book an extatic Description of the Raptures with which its Author immersed himself in the *Spinozian* Substance of the Universal Being, delighted with his System, where his wandering and disturb'd Imagination sought its Happiness.

It is impossible to persuade me that, since the Use of Tobacco in Snuff and Smoaking, brought from *America* to *Europe*, one Pinch of this Snuff, or one Puff of this Smoak, should enter into the great Chain, be united to the rest of the Universe, and carry its Influences as far as the Planets of *Syrius*.

I THINK I have a Right to make another Remark in this Place : *It* is, that all the Pleasure with which we read what *Mr Pope* has so elegantly writ on the Beauty, Value, and Effects of Virtue, pleases only by its Conformity with the ordinary Ideas of common Sense. It is difficult to bear ourselves up continually in metaphysical Abstractions. From time to time we return to Nature, and think and act like free and active Creatures; and suppose those Men to whom we address ourselves, to be indued with the same Faculties.

WHEN *Mr Pope* represents† Virtue as alone constituting the Happiness of Man, or, at least, his greatest Happiness, I think it would be Rashness, Injustice, and an Affront to say that he thinks differently from what he speaks. When he supposes then that the Universal Cause, in giving Life to all, both virtuous and vicious, has divided Happiness in an equal Manner among them, and that Pride and Obstinacy supply the Place of Merit in those who want it, in order to make

pos-
† His greatest *Virtue* — his greatest *Bliss*, V. 340,

their Pleasure equal to that of those who possess greater Talents, and make a good Use of them: When he supposes all this, I say, he expresses himself according to the System which he has a Design to turn into Ridicule, and to expose in Verse, in order to make that Ridicule appear in the stronger Light; for in this System the Vicious who believe it, enjoy Peace, and have nothing to reproach themselves with; every thing which they have done is RIGHT, and so connected to the Good of the *Whole*, that if it had fail'd there, the Universe would have been too imperfect a Work, and not worthy enough of its eternal Author.

*Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine, V.343.
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless Heart?*

* * * * *

*Grasp the whole Worlds of Reason, Life and Sense
In one close System of Benevolence.*

Happier as kinder in whate'er Degree,

And height of Bliss but height of CHARITY.

My Charity is not capable of extending so far. *Ignoti nulla Cupido.* I must know in order to love: I should be afraid in extending my Charity so far, I might
be

lose Sight of those to whom it ought to be apply'd, and imitate the Fault of a Person, who, out of a Zeal for his Countrymen, should let his Estate fall to Decay, and ruin his Family by entirely devoting his Time to form political Projects.

It must be confessed, that *Mr Pope's* Virtue has made a very rapid and great Progress from his first Epistle to this fourth. At first he refused his Charity, even to the Sovereigns of the Earth, in order to indulge himself in a Pleasure not very modest, namely, that of censuring and despising them. They are however to be pitied ; for if they have Failings, how many Persons are they surrounded with from their Infancy, whose only Business is to produce those Failings, and confirm them in them, some with Design, and others out of Ignorance? The Concern which ought to be had for the Happiness of Society, which the Virtues of Governors have so great an Influence on, should engage every reasonable Man to neglect nothing which may contribute to give them right Notions, and, above all, should take care not to irritate them. It
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is with Difficulty that People listen to those by whom they think themselves, either despised, or insulted. But this Charity of Mr *Pope*, which was so restrained at first, very soon gets to extend itself beyond the Stars.

At last Mr *Pope* descends from the Stars, and returns into the Society of us Mortals. He had reckon'd Fame as nothing (v. 227, &c.) but in the last Page he thinks fit to regard and give it a Place.

*O ! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
Say, shall my little Bark attendant sail,
Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale ?*

IF I have succeeded, and have enter'd into the true Sentiments of Mr *Pope*, by conceiving him remote from a System which appears to me a horrible Collection of Reveries, I promise myself that he will think himself oblig'd to me ; and if I am mistaken in my Conjectures, and that the System which I have endeavour'd to oppose out of Zeal for him, is in Reality his own System, he cannot take it ill of me, without renouncing his Principles,
for

or, according to him, all that I have thought, and all that I have written inevitably to come pass. Both his Work and mine enter essentially into the great Chain. The Event proves this, and if either of us had forborn writing, there would have been a Void, an Interruption in the Chain and Springs, from whence great Mischiefs might have arose, since the whole Universe would have felt it. So that the Charity with which Mr *Pope* embraces the whole, must induce him to congratulate me, himself, and all Beings upon my having taken up the Pen to write my Reflexions upon his Poem.

INDEED I am very sensible of his Liberality, in lavishing the Epithets of *proud*, *blind*, and *mad*, upon those who are not of the same Opinion as himself. But as for me, I take them for poetical Expressions ; and as for him, he is obliged by his System to look upon my Pride, and Folly, and Blindness, as real Blessings, essential to the Universe, since it would be an imperfect Work, if there was any one Thing wanting of all that we see in it.

BUT

BUT however Mr *Pope* may think fit to look on this little Work of mine, if it should ever fall into his Hands, I shall always have the Satisfaction of remembering that I have interested myself in his Honour, which yet must amount to nothing with the real and true Disciples of that System which I have opposed. No one of them has been instructed by Mr *Pope*, neither their Eyes nor Ears have understood any thing of his Verses. The Souls which accompanied the Machines that read them, receiv'd no sort of Impression, any more than one Pendulum by the Window is directed by another which touches the Door. The Notions and Sentiments of Measures, Rythms, Verses, and, in a Word, Ideas exactly resembling Mr *Pope's*, arose in the Souls of those Machines who have read his Poem, without his having in any Manner contributed to produce in them either the Sensation of Sound, the Idea of Verses, or the understanding of their Signification. A great Number of Links, all connected with the universal Chain, determin'd a very great Number of *English* Souls to

turn

turn Poets by the Conformity of their Ideas and Sentiments with what was excited in the Soul of Mr *Pope*, and besides this, they fancy'd themselves to have receiv'd from him what they receiv'd from an innumerable and unavoidable Succession of Combinations.

THUS, Sir, I have given you an Instance of my Readiness to oblige you, by writing you my Reflexions on Mr *Pope's* Essay. I will further add a Conversation which I had with a young Gentleman, who had been somewhat perplexed by reading certain Passages of the System, and by the Respect he had for one of its Defenders. *Do not you agree*, said he to me, *that the Night serves to heighten the Splendour of the Day? And why should not the Deformity of Vice be necessary to set off the Beauty of Virtue?* Nothing, answer'd I, is more unreasonable than a Comparison establish'd upon a pretended Relation between Objects quite different from those that are really united. The Night has its Beauties very worthy of their Author. Its Coolness is entirely necessary for the Earth. Will any one dare to say, that the Advantages, which result to Man-

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kind

kind from Vice, are of the same Nature? It will signify nothing for you to say, that the Deformity of Vice serves to set the Charms of Virtue in a stronger Light. Vice is not deform'd, if it be, as well as Virtue, the Work of the universal Cause, and, 'tis the Ignorance of Men that gives it this Title of deform'd. Suppose a Man coming back from a long Voyage, who had liv'd for some Years in a Country such as that of the *Illinois**, whose Customs and Religion are to be read in a little Work, intituled, *An Essay on Providence*. This Traveller relates to us, that Treason, Violence, Lying, and Debauchery, are Things unknown in that Country; that Honesty, Sincerity, an obliging Carriage, Sobriety, Continence, and Fidelity, are become so habitual, that no one deviates from them. Will you give him for Answer, "Alas! what an unhappy Country is this! Virtue can neither be known; or valued there. How were you able to bear the Fatigue of so uniform a Life? For my Part I must live in great Cities, I must be

* The *Illinois* are a People of North America.

behold People hang'd, and rack'd, and hear Trials fill'd with Infamy, Abominations, Poisonings, Murders. After this I go with the greater Pleasure into the Company of a good Man; I listen to his Discourses upon Virtue with the greater Attention. The Ideas which I have been revolving in my Mind, and with which my Imagination was struck, are an *Interlude* that excites my Appetite for Goodness: It is with this View, that the Creator of the Universe has display'd all his Power, to people the Earth with Vices and vicious Persons, and to intersperse them in such great Numbers. Let us then look with Pleasure and Approbation upon every thing that *is*, and let our Charity, instead of being confin'd to the Virtuous, extend so far as to love and embrace both the Vicious and their Vices, which are Pieces altogether necessary to the Perfection of the Universe."

A CERTAIN Father, a very good Man, has six Sons, four of which are very virtuous. The universal Cause, in order to increase the Pleasure that their Father finds in the Virtue of these four,

takes care to create a Wickedness in the other two, which brings one of them to the Gallows, and the other to the Rack. Is there a Father in the World, who would find it agreeable to have his Pleasure assisted and increased in such a Manner as this?

WHOEVER has Need of the Prospect of Vice, in order to render the Beauty of Virtue more lovely to him, and the Possession of it more lively and agreeable, has no sort of Disposition either for the Knowledge or Love of Virtue.

It is difficult, not to say impossible, to please all the World. Some Persons of Merit, who had read Mr *Pope's* Essay, came into my Study, and, after having read there some Part of my Examination, seem'd greatly offended that I had undertaken to apologize for Mr *Pope*. Can any one be so blind, said they, as not to be convinc'd of Mr *Pope's* Design, and his Errors? I confess'd to them, that I did not find myself *forc'd* to imagine, that perhaps in the main he thought reasonably. It seem'd to me, that good Breeding advis'd me to it, but I did not per-

perceive that it *commanded* me. I did it because I had a Mind to it, I was determin'd by a Choice entirely free, and in that I found an indubitable Proof of my Liberty.

I SHOULD not have such a Power, answer'd one of my Friends. I have read Mr *Pope's* *Essay*, and I never had greater Need of Patience. I used many Endeavours to find some reasonable Sense in it, but to no Purpose; sometimes I lit upon sophistical Distinctions, sometimes upon contradictory Antitheses, and sometimes upon Decisions, equally bold, and without Proofs, and, in a word, sometimes upon long Periods fill'd with pompous Nonsense. I may say, however, that I bore very patiently the frequent and obliging Titles of *proud*, *blind* and *Fool*, which he gives to all who do not believe his Notions, and by which he would invite, and even force them to be instructed, and think like him.

As there is nothing more opposite to his System than that of Christianity, if one should ask the Disciples he may have made, the Profelytes he may have persuaded,

222 E X A M I N A T I O N *of*

suaded, how it comes that for eighteen Ages there have been Christians upon the Earth? They must answer, if they are well establish'd in the Hypothesis, That God was happily and unavoidably determin'd, by the Excellence of his Nature, to make a Monade the most perfect that could be, and that, in order to give it this high Degree of Perfection, it was necessarily requisite that the supreme and universal Cause should create proud, blind, and mad Men of all Sorts. If we continue to ask them, Where are then the Modest, the Learned and the Wise? Amongst us, will they answer. The proud Believer says, That for his Part he is willing to adhere to reveal'd Knowledge, and even to such Knowledge as is within the Reach of his Capacity, *leaving secret things to God*, which he does not indulge himself in an Inclination to penetrate into. But as to us, who are truly humble and modest, we make it our Obligation to sound the Depths of God, the infinite Being, in order to find there the Necessity of giving Birth, universally, to all that exists, and even of making all Men the Gift of Pride, in a Dose proportion'd

to the Want their Folly has of it, in order to comfort it for its Weakness. Here I interrupted him, *Will you not impute, said I, the Care which he takes to put us on a Level with Brute Animals, to his Modesty?* But he still persisted in believing, that he did it out of a Motive of Sensuality, and Zeal for the ancient Religion, which was common to Beasts and Men. I should never have done, if I would write you all the Conversation we held on this Subject, during the remaining Part of the Day. If he could write Verses, I believe he would compose an *Anti-Pope*, as a very great Man did an *Anti-Lucretius*; of which the Public has seen some Part, which make People of Taste very much long for the Whole.

No, said my zealous Friend (who wants nothing but Rhyme to make him a Poet) I cannot think, without Indignation, that any one should take pleasure in reading the most venerable Expressions profaned. *Faith* to be called an Assent and an obstinate Adherence to a System of Reveries, and absolutely without Probability
or

or Proof. *Hope*, the Persuasion of being always a *Monade*, that is to say, a simple Substance, in which Imaginations, that have an harmonious Relation to some organized Body, shall succeed one after another. *Charity*, an Affection for all the invisible Strings which put the Machines of both Virtuous and Vicious into play.

I PERCEIVE that my Work increases while I am writing, therefore I will not add a great many other Reflections, which have occur'd to my Mind, and which continually present themselves to me. I reserve them for a larger Work, in which I design to revenge Geometry, for the Affront that has been given to it by a long Chain of Sophisms being ranged after the Manner of its Propositions, Theorems, and Definitions.

I WILL conclude then with one Remark, which is, That of all Systems, that of the *Leibnitzians* furnishes the most Proofs of the Universe's being made for Man; a Presumption which Mr *Pope* seems so greatly offended with.

THE Earth, from Age to Age, and from Time to Time, whose Origin, according

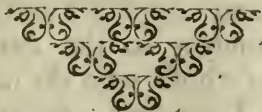
according to these Gentlemen, is hid from us, has been peopled with Machines, which are called human Bodies; and the Universe has been constituted from its Original in such a Manner, and such an Impulse has been impressed on the several Parts that compose it, that by virtue of this Construction, and this first Impulse, and its necessary Consequences, these Machines, the human Bodies, punctually execute all the Volitions of certain Monades, or human Souls, let them be what they will, virtuous or vicious, in Order or Disorder, conform or contrary to Nature, reasonable or extravagant, estimable or criminal, horrid, infamous. By virtue of the Constitution of the Universe, and the Connection of all its Parts, the Machines of the human Body are under a Necessity of executing these Volitions as exactly as if themselves directed them. Thus the whole Universe is formed to be subservient sometimes to the Wants, and at others to the Extravagancies of us Monades, whose Life passes in a continual Illusion.

WE might carry this Reasoning farther, and a Man, treated by Mr *Pope* with the Expressions of *little, blind, and weak Being*, might answer, “ You who criticise
 “ on me do not consider what you say.
 “ All the Thoughts of us little *Monades*
 “ are Links and Springs, that serve to
 “ keep up the Movements and Order of
 “ the *Whole*. If I should take it into my
 “ head to have sober Thoughts, when
 “ this *Whole* requires mad ones, all the
 “ Play of this great Machine would be
 “ overset by it, there would be Links
 “ wanting to these Chains, and certain
 “ Springs would be put out of Play.”
 Will Mr *Pope* silence the *Monade*, by answering, *O presumptuous and blind Monade, learn, that thou hast never determin’d thyself, but been determin’d always by external-Causes, unknown to thee, but to which, nevertheless, thou art inevitably subjected?* ’Tis thus that the System of Fatality and that of Irreligion lend one another a mutual Defence.

BUT tho’ it be demonstrated, that the Overthrow of Religion is the natural Consequence of this System, “ What
 “ do

“ do you concern yourself about? *say they,*
“ Have not you read, in *Monf. Baille,*
“ that Men are guided by *Passion,* and
“ not *Ideas?* Were you not charm'd with
“ the Picture he has given, of a *Society*
“ of *Atheists?*” You have read, Sir,
what I have wrote upon this Subject, in
my *Examination of Pyrrhonism.* I am not
ignorant that the having a sincere Persua-
sion of Religion is enough to make a
Person be esteem'd, by these Gentlemen;
to have but a very low Understanding. I
am not at all shaken by this, and indeed
look upon being contemn'd by them as a
real Honour.

F I N I S.



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